MODERN APOSTLES
of
FAITH

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
OCT 6 1932
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BR 1700 .W54 1930
Wimberly, C. F. 1866-1946.
Modern apostles of faith

MODERN APOSTLES OF FAITH

MODERN APOSTLES OF FAITH

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
OCT 6 1932
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BY

C. F. WIMBERLY, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "BEACON LIGHTS OF FAITH," "THE MILLS OF THE GODS,"
"BEHOLD THE MORNING," "IS THE DEVIL A MYTH?" "SEVEN
SEALS OF THE APOCALYPSE," "THE VULTURE'S CLAW,"
"THE WINE PRESS," "NEW CLOTHES FOR THE
OLD MAN," "MESSAGES FOR THE TIMES,"
"MASTERY OF MANHOOD," ETC.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
COKESBURY PRESS
1930

COPYRIGHT, 1930
BY
LAMAR & WHITMORE

Printed in the United States of America

DEDICATORY

To the memory of a man
whose brilliant intellect
and majestic soul, coupled
with a passion for the
Gospel he preached, have
given him a place as peer
of any pulpit orator of this
generation, a personal
friend, a Chief Pastor
beloved

JOHN CARLISLE KILGO

THIS VOLUME IS
LOVINGLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

"Of the making of books there is no end," says the wise man. It has been estimated that there are enough separate volumes in the world's literature to build another Cheops Pyramid. Our Congressional Library has recently been enlarged until there are now two hundred and twenty-eight miles of bookshelves under that gilded dome. Such figures stagger the mind. In the face of such facts, it seems like presumption to impose another volume on the reading public, asking for its time and kindly solicitude.

Not long since we became interested in the great characters who have stood like a breakwater for the faith which we have cherished through the centuries. Those martyred spirits make possible the glorious benefits that we enjoy to-day.

Nothing is truer than the old poetic line, "Distance lends enchantment to the view." Yes, it makes the rough mountainside covered with impassable gorges look as if it had been smoothed down by the great Architect of the Universe.

Yes, there were the few like Savonarola, Luther, Knox, and Wesley standing against the background of history like towering mountains—men who would be great in any age, even in the sophisticated twentieth century. It requires a bigger man, a greater soul, to tower above the clouds to-day than at any period of human history because of increased averages. We do not believe that greatness of mind and soul has decreased with the centuries. The working out of this concept gives birth to this volume. The characters in this volume, we believe, are and were as truly in the apostolic succession as any since the day of the Apostle Paul.

It is with the hope that greater appreciation may be accorded to the great souls yet among us, or that have recently passed away, that we have gathered and here present many facts concerning the men and women named in this volume. We sincerely believe that no greater minds and sanctified souls have adorned the gospel of our Lord in any age than many of the men whose characters are delineated herein. We have endeavored to give a close-up of men and women who were as truly apostolic as were Huss, Latimer, and Crammer, whose spirits ascended in a pillar of fire. However, it requires the same heroic martyr spirit to reach the Christ life to-day that it did in the days of pagan Rome or the Spanish Inquisition.

With such a feeling for and appreciation of these modern apostles of the faith, and with a genuine love of the things for which they stood, we venture to send this volume forth, trusting that the reader will derive as much pleasure from reading it as the author did in its preparation.

St. George, S. C.

CONTENTS

PAGE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE 7
INTRODUCTION 11
I. PETER CARTWRIGHT 13
II. MATTHEW SIMPSON 20
III. ENOCH M. MARVIN 25
IV. WILLIAM TAYLOR 31
V. HOLLAND N. MCTYEIRE 36
VI. WILLIAM BOOTH 41
VII. JOSEPH PARKER 47
VIII. JOHN A. BROADUS 53
IX. ISAAC W. JOYCE 58
X. JAMES M. THOBURN 65
XI. A. B. SIMPSON 71
XII. FRANCES E. WILLARD 78
XIII. THOMAS DEWITT TALMAGE 83
XIV. ALEXANDER MCLAREN 89
XV. RUSSELL H. CONWELL 94
XVI. AMANDA SMITH 103
XVII. SAM P. JONES 108
XVIII. THE BOSTON TRIUMVIRATE 113
XIX. EDWARD MCKENDREE BOUNDS 120
XX. WALTER R. LAMBUTH 126
XXI. WARREN A. CANDLER 131
XXII. GIPSEY (RODNEY) SMITH 137
XXIII. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN 143
XXIV. JOHN R. MOTT 149
XXV. HENRY CLAY MORRISON 154
XXVI. ALVIN C. YORK 160
XXVII. SOME CELEBRITIES IN THE FAITH 166

INTRODUCTION

FEW things are more pleasurable, and hardly anything more profitable, than the study of high-class biography. When interest in one's work lags, and when inspiration for one's duties is lacking, these can be immediately supplied by a few hours' study of the lives of some of history's great men and women.

In the book now before you may be found a group of biographical sketches of the highest type. To begin with, the author of these studies, Dr. C. F. Wimberly, is a Christain scholar. Fitted by education, by temperament, and by the results of long hours of research, he has given to the world a volume of rare value. Dr. Wimberly's literary style is fascinating, his scholarship accurate, and his interest in his work almost without bound. He has written many books and has been a contributor to the religious press of America for many years, but we dare say that nothing he has written will have a more permanent place in the Christain literature of this century than his MODERN APOSTLES OF FAITH. The fact that Dr. Wimberly's name is listed in "Who's Who in America" and also in "Who's Who Among North American Authors" is proof of his outstanding ability as a contributor to American literature.

Aside from the fact that Dr. Wimberly is so splendidly equipped for the work he has taken in hand, he has chosen wisely in the selection of subjects for these sketches. The men and the women represented in this volume have made a profound impression upon religious history. The stories of their lives and ministry are told in a most vivid way. Interesting from beginning to end, they hold the attention of the reader throughout. And these sketches are more than interesting; they are accurate. The author has delved into multiplied thousands of pages of history and has gathered facts which it would take months and months for the ordinary reader to gather. In this handy volume the essential facts of a whole library of religious biography covering several hundred years may be found. Here may be found a fairly comprehensive history of the lives of the great men and women involved. And these stories taken consecutively give a fair account of the struggles and the victories of Protestant Christianity.

The writer has read with genuine interest every one of the sketches appearing in this valuable book and unhesitatingly says that they deserve a place in every library. We hope and believe the book will have a very wide reading.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

M. E. LAZENBY,
Editor of *Alabama Christian Advocate.*

I

PETER CARTWRIGHT

The Methodist circuit rider holds a unique place in the pioneer program; he did not follow the pathfinders, for he was himself a pathfinder above all others. The true history of America will not be written until the "Knights of the Long Road" be given their true place and accredited the honor due them. Among those sturdy apostles of righteousness who for nearly three quarters of a century were powerful factors in molding the thought life of a parish which covered three or more States, there was none more spectacular than Peter Cartwright. He was a physical giant and a veritable terror to evildoers at a time when pioneer life was at its roughest stage.

It is interesting to glean some of the lights and shadows which marked the early career of this renowned character. He was born in Amherst County, Va., September 9, 1785. His father was very poor, having spent seven years as a soldier in the Revolutionary War; and at the time, just after the surrender at Yorktown, before the poorly paid veterans could establish homes, Peter was born. Hearing of the glowing reports of the country beyond the Allegheny Mountains, and hoping to find better facilities for a homestead, the Cartwright family emigrated to Kentucky and settled near what is now Lancaster, in company with some two hundred families. In a short time they pushed farther on into the wilderness of Logan County, which covered a vast area.

Places and names have changed in a large measure, and the exact location of their settlement is hard to find. About this we are not now concerned; but the mother, being a Virginia Methodist, induced the circuit riders to make their cabin home a regular "appointment" for preaching. A rude church was soon built near a place known as "Rogue's Harbor"; but the name has been changed, and it cannot now be located. The place took its name from the character of the people who gathered there; renegades, thieves, gamblers, and murderers fleeing from justice elsewhere. There were no schools, no papers or literature of any kind, and scarcely any communication with other settlements. Sunday was a day given over to drinking, fighting, gambling, horse-racing, and dancing. Social life was at its worst, and young Peter Cartwright was a part of all that vile rowdyism. He was but a lad in years, yet was large and well developed and in fighting and gambling well able to take care of himself.

Just before his seventeenth birthday life assumed a serious trend, and he began to think on his way; no doubt the earnest prayers of his devout mother figured in his change of mind. The crisis came while attending the Cane Ridge camp meeting (somewhere in Logan County, Ky.), which resulted in his radical conversion. He claimed always that he heard an audible Voice which spoke to him, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven." With his conversion came the call to preach, and this was in the year 1801, the beginning of the great camp meeting movement which swept all over Kentucky and Tennessee. He was known as "The Kentucky Boy" wherever he appeared at a camp meeting.

In 1802 he was granted an "exhorter's" license, and he exercised this authority at every opportunity in what was then Lewis County. The same year he asked for authority to travel and hold revival meetings, and this was granted him on the condition that he report his labors at the "Fourth Quarterly Conference" of the body granting him this privilege. With this new commission he traveled over a vast section of country throughout Kentucky and Tennessee.

The next year he was received into the "traveling connection" and assigned as preacher on the Livingston Circuit of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The salary allowed for a single preacher was eighty dollars a year; and once when speaking of his early remuneration he said, "Nine times out of ten, not half of it was paid."

In 1804 he was admitted on trial into the Western Conference and assigned as preacher on the Salt River and Shelby Circuits. His next charge was the Scioto Circuit, covering the greater part of Ohio. He traveled this work for two years. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury in 1806 and elder in 1808 by Bishop McKendree. He was married the latter year to Francis Gaines.

Peter Cartwright's itinerary had given him a wide experience, as he had traveled over three States and had developed into a very popular revival and camp meeting preacher. From every angle he was a typical product of the pioneer life at its best and worst. He was unusually endowed as a preacher; his voice was like the "Son of Thunder," and it struck terror to the sinners. His physique towered above his fellows, and he was born with an innate courage so indomitable that he never looked into the face of a man he feared. With such an unusual equipment, he blazed a pathway of salvation and righteousness wherever he went.

In 1812 Peter Cartwright was by Bishop Asbury appointed presiding elder of the Wabash District in the Tennessee Conference, which then covered much more than the present State. In the office of presiding elder he served longer than perhaps any other man in the history of Methodism; he was presiding elder for fifty years. One of the rare books of early Methodism is his book entitled "Fifty Years a Presiding Elder." In 1815 he was elected a delegate to the General Conference, and we doubt if any man, other than a bishop, ever sat in that body as often; for he was honored as a delegate to thirteen General Conferences, and was an active force in all of them but one, and then was hindered because of illness in his family. We believe this record to be without a parallel in Methodism.

In 1824 he moved to Illinois and cast his lot with the sentiments of the North, which, even at that early date, were beginning to foretell the coming rupture. He gives as his reasons for leaving the Southland, which he loved, while politically he remained a Democrat, loyal to the Union, as follows: "(1) I left the South to avoid the evils of slavery. (2) I could raise my children where work was not thought a degradation. (3) I thought I could better my temporal needs and secure land for my children when they grew up. (4) To carry the gospel to destitute souls in a great needy region."

He settled in Pleasant Plains, Ill., and was assigned to the Sangamon Circuit for one year—this being the only break in his service as a presiding elder. He became interested in local politics and was a member of the Illinois Legislature for two terms, this without hindering his ministerial duties. Because of ill health he was granted the superannuate relation in 1844; but the action was reconsidered, and he was appointed presiding elder.

In the General Conference of 1844 he fought to the last against the division of the Church and did not give up until the final vote of separation was taken. A divided Methodism grieved him greatly. He was bitterly opposed to slavery, but contended that the negroes should be colonized in Africa, under the supervision of the white people. He fought vigorously against any effort to do away with the itinerancy, or to limit its powers. In a speech to this end on the General Conference floor he said: "I have enjoyed membership in our beloved Church for nearly sixty-nine years, and for sixty-five years have been a regular traveling preacher, and have filled nearly all the offices in the Church, from class leader to presiding elder; have been in thirteen General Conferences and sixty-five Annual Conferences, and in all these have seen the practical working of her rules, in almost every possible way, and have never seen the time when they proved a failure."

He was the most renowned pioneer backwoods preacher in the history of Methodism; his preaching was evangelistic, pure, and simple. No man ever used his faculties and meager opportunities to a greater advantage. A biographer says this of him: "Of the few books of science and general knowledge that were accessible to him, by loan or purchase, he made good and noble use, until his mind became a vast storehouse of valuable information; although without any order or system, perhaps, known as a collegiate education, yet so perfect was his command of that knowledge that, at a moment, and under any emergency, in argument, in debate, or proclaiming Christ from the pulpit, he could bring it into requisition to vanish an enemy or convince a sinner of the error of his way."

He was a tireless worker; he organized congregations, built churches, and looked diligently after every interest of the cause in a manner excelled by none; in the higher councils of his Church he was without a peer. Physically, mentally, and morally, he was one hundred per cent a man. "Without losing dignity and grace, he maintained his ministerial integrity, usefulness, and influence. In the cabinet or in the Conference, in the pulpit or on the rostrum, in legislative halls or among the people, in the church or in the world, he possessed wit and grace, mirth and dignity; yet, in spite of these strange combinations of character, his fame remains untarnished."

In his book, "Fifty Years a Presiding Elder," many and unusual experiences are related. This story is apropos of the sterling character of the man. A young preacher had been appointed to a circuit far up in the brakes of the mountain foothills of Tennessee, where the country was wild and rough, without schools or any kind of religious advantages. On the first round, at one of the churches, a big bully gave the young preacher a severe beating and told him to move out, that they were not going to have any lazy preachers in that neck of the woods. Of course the young man reported the situation to his elder and wanted to give up the work. But the presiding elder told him to go home and visit until he heard from him, that he would go up there: and he went.

Cartwright was riding within a few miles of the particular church where the big bully had persecuted the circuit rider, and an appointment had been sent there by the elder, without intimating who the preacher would be. He fell in company with a strange man on the way to the appointment that Sunday morning. They, of course, conversed. Finally the stranger remarked, "Right here I gave a little Methodist preacher one of the d—— whippings a man ever got." Mr. Cartwright said, "You did?" "I sure did." "Well, sir, then you are the very man I came up into this country to see. Right here I am going to give you the same kind of a whipping you gave that preacher." "Get down," he shouted to him, "or I'll pull you off, you dirty coward." Having got off his own horse, he seized the bridle reins of the other, made him get down, beat him almost to death, and made him go to the church and confess and ask forgiveness.

Once when he was to preach at old McKendree Church, Nashville, Tenn., the pastor whispered to him that General Jackson was in the audience, and cautioned him about his message. When he arose to preach, he said: "I understand that General Jackson is in the congregation. Who is General Jackson? He will die and go to hell the same way as any other man if he does not repent of his sins."

As a revivalist in that day, he had no superior. Marvelous manifestations of divine power often attended his preaching. Once when he was preaching on the "Gates of Hell" the power of God fell on the congregation, and men and women fell in every direction, right, and left, front and rear. Not less than three hundred fell like dead men in a mighty battle. Loud wailings went up to heaven for mercy, while the saints shouted. This meeting lasted two days and two nights; two hundred were converted, and two hundred joined the Church.

Peter Cartwright died September 25, 1872, at the ripe age of 87. He was a prince of God who had prevailed.

II

MATTHEW SIMPSON

Among the traditions of every denomination some outstanding name or names appear. It is understood that the crest of greatness was reached in the life and personality of the individual. Rome has her Hildebrand; the Church of Germany, her Luther; Presbyterians, their Calvin; Scotland, her Knox; Methodism, her Wesley; the Church of England, her Cranmer; the Baptists, Roger Williams; while the Methodist Episcopal Church has one name that towers above all her celebrities—that name is Matthew Simpson.

In this man were found the elements of true greatness; not only was he a prince in the pulpit, with a personality surcharged with the Holy Spirit, until his messages were irresistible and compelling; but he was a statesman of the highest order. When he preached before the greatest intellects of the land or the wealthy nobility of England, both felt alike the marvelous power and charm which could not be explained.

An expert of the histrionic art in company with an eminent scientist once heard Bishop Simpson preach. The trainer of speakers went eager to study the art of the great preacher—his delivery, voice, gestures, etc.; but soon found himself swept away by a power which caused him to forget the object of his visit. The other man, whose life was filled with straight-edged formulas and definitions—never allowing himself to take a position or accept a proposition without first giving careful analysis to terminologies and the rationale of it all—also met with the same fate as the elocutionist; they were both overwhelmed and convicted by the power and majesty of the truth to which they had listened. Coming away subdued and overwhelmed, they both decided that what they had heard was a power unknown to natural things; it was God speaking through a man.

Matthew Simpson was born January 20, 1811, near Cadiz, Ohio, of humble but respected parents. His father died when Matthew was only two years old. But fortune favored the child, as his uncle, for whom he was named—an educated, cultured gentleman, being a senator and a judge—became personally interested in his nephew. He undertook the education of young Matthew. He taught him all the rudiments of an English education, and the judge, being a Greek scholar, prepared him for college. This section of Ohio at that time was in the *far West,* barren of all social and educational advantages.

At the age of sixteen Matthew left home and entered Madison College in Pennsylvania; this institution is now Alleghany College, at Meadville, Pa. At the age of nineteen he graduated, and because of his unusual ability as a student he was given a position as teacher in his *alma mater.* In connection with his work as an instructor, he took up the study of medicine, and in 1833 he received his degree of Doctor of Medicine and was allowed to practice his profession.

But for this chosen vessel God had other and greater plans. The circumstances and particulars of his conversion seem to be unknown, but the genuineness of his faith cannot be questioned; for after his arduous application in both teaching and the covering of his medical course at the same time—then to drop it all and enter the humble itinerancy of a Methodist minister is sufficient proof that God was dealing with him.

One year after receiving his medical degree he entered the Pittsburgh Conference—1834—and was assigned as third preacher, or assistant, on the St. Clairville Circuit. It did not require a long period of obscure service to bring this gifted young man into the limelight; he soon attracted wide attention, and so marked was his pulpit ability that in one year he was removed from the circuit and stationed in Philadelphia. In the new and cultured society of this large city—as it was large even then in comparison with other places—he attracted the same enthusiastic attention for his natural eloquence and his unusual gifts as a sermonizer. At once Matthew Simpson was a marked man and destined to a great career.

He remained in the Quaker City but a short time, when there arose an urgent call for him at Williamsport Station, then one of the strongest appointments. At no place was he allowed to remain very long. In 1838 he was elected vice president of Alleghany College and appointed to the chair of ethics and science. In this position he remained but one year and was then chosen president of Asbury College, located at Greencastle, Ind. This institution is now the great DePauw University and has been a great educational center of Methodism for nearly a hundred years.

As president of Asbury College he labored for nine years, and with marked distinction; his fame as a platform orator and powerful preacher of the gospel had gone throughout the land. He wielded a strong influence over the students by his personality and Christian character. He was a man of God and was looked upon as one of America's greatest religious leaders. The college grew under his presidency, and this was especially true because of his success in being able to touch laymen of means who provided a large endowment for the school; all this was aside from his gifts as a gospel preacher. It was the leadership of Matthew Simpson which gave to Methodism DePauw University as it is to-day. More is due to his labors than to any other influence. He laid a deep foundation and built upon it also.

He was a favorite preacher and orator before great institutions of learning, such as Harvard and Yale; and in whatever place, or before whatever audience, he was a pronounced master. He lectured before all manner of select gatherings, and always with transcendent success and triumph. We find him first fighting in the larger circles of his Church at the famous General Conference which met in New York in 1844. His leadership became a factor in that stormy assembly; but his generous and patient spirit kept him above much of the flaming oratory and debate which characterized that historical session. It was this Conference which ended in the separation of the Methodist Church of America. He was also a member of the General Conference in 1848; so pronounced had become his superior leadership that in 1852 he was elevated to the episcopacy of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In 1857 he was a delegate to the English and Irish World's Evangelical Alliance, which met in Berlin, Germany. In this international gathering his preaching was an outstanding feature of the occasion; it was of such unusual power that from that time he was known as a world character and stood without a peer as a pulpit orator. For some years he traveled in Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, studying the missionary situation in those countries.

In 1859 he was placed at the head of the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., and brought that school of theology into national prominence because of its strong defense and teaching of the Word of God. At that time he made Philadelphia his permanent home. The War between the States was then hanging like a pall of darkness over the nation. Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States on a platform which advocated the freedom of slaves. Bishop Simpson had been for years an ardent leader in this new crusade, and there was soon formed a close friendship between the President and the bishop. During the dark and perilous days between 1861 and 1865 Bishop Simpson was one of the President's most confidential advisers. Lincoln was once heard to remark that he regarded Bishop Simpson as the greatest living orator. When the President was assassinated, Bishop Simpson conducted the funeral and preached the sermon. The friendship between the two men was like that of Jonathan and David.

Bishop Simpson's official duties kept him abroad during the years 1870 to 1875. He was member of the Ecumenical Conference which met in London and preached the opening sermon. Then in 1882 he was in London at the time of the assassination of President Garfield and delivered the memorial address in Exeter Hall. In 1879 he delivered a series of lectures before the faculty and students of Yale University, which were published by that institution the same year.

Bishop Simpson became a veritable patriarch among his brethren; age seemed to ripen and elevate his mental and spiritual powers. He was a consummate executive, and his judgment always carried weight in the highest circles of his Church. In 1884 he attended his last General Conference, which met in Philadelphia, and his farewell address before that body remains in the memory and records of the Methodist Church as one of the high lights of her history.

He was the author of "One Hundred Years of Methodism" and "The Cyclopedia of Methodism." After his death a volume of his sermons was published. A memorial window to Bishop Matthew Simpson occupies a conspicuous place in City Road Chapel, London, where John Wesley preached. He died at Philadelphia on June 18, 1884, just one month after his last General Conference.

III

ENOCH M. MARVIN

ONE of the greatest honors that can be conferred upon a man is for a happy father and mother to name their child for him. This is the peak of appreciation. If this should be the criterion of honor as expressed by many fathers and mothers in Missouri, Enoch M. Marvin would undoubtedly outrank all the great celebrities of that great State. Twenty-five years ago Dr. W. B. Palmore, the Editor of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate,* sent out a questionnaire in an effort to determine the number of "Marvins" in the State, and more than 1,500 were reported.

Missouri has furnished her quota of great military and political leaders; but for one whose honored memory was and is so indelibly stamped on the domestic life of a great people, none can be compared with this humble, unassuming prince in the kingdom of God. He found favor with God and man and prevailed.

The ancestors of Marvin came from England and settled at Hartford, Conn., as early as 1635. Little is known of them, except that the parents came from the East and built their frontier home in Warren County, Missouri. Enoch M. was born in the most obscure section of the primeval forest of that State on June 12, 1832. His early environments were barren of social or intellectual privileges. At the age of sixteen this crude, unsophisticated, awkward lad was converted. No sooner had the glorious light dawned upon him than he "felt called to preach." The announcement caused no little astonishment among the leaders of that day.

Many are the stories told of his early struggles and embarrassments, while seeking to enter and establish himself in the itinerancy of the Methodist Church. He was tall, ungainly, and with about as much promise for the future as Abraham Lincoln had in his youth. However, he secured license to preach one year after his conversion. He entered his life's career with absolutely no scholastic preparation. What a supreme blessing it was to the world that Enoch M. Marvin lived before the day of intellectual deification and college equipment emphasis. He would not have gotten a look-in before a modern committee appointed by either a District or Annual Conference. The wisdom of the world is sometimes foolishness with God. Methodism would have lost one of her greatest preachers had Marvin—all things being equal—appeared upon the scene fifty or seventy-five years later.

We wish to present some "twice-told tales" gathered from among the many stories of Bishop Marvin, although they may be, like many of the "Lincoln stories," more myth than truth. But the truth of the following has been vouched for by men contemporaneous with him in Missouri Methodism. He was accompanying his presiding elder on horesback to a Quarterly Conference, whereupon the beloved gave him some fatherly advice: "Brother Marvin, we do not doubt your sincerity in seeking to become an itinerant Methodist preacher; but for your sake, and for the Church's sake, go back home and chop stovewood for your mother. This will save you and the Church much embarrassment," etc.

Great, fatherly advice; but the lad wearing a coonskin cap would not consent to obey the wise admonition of those who were in authority over him. The voice and the mind of the Church is not always the voice and mind of God. Enoch M. Marvin had heard another Voice louder than the machinery of the Church.

Another story concerns his early efforts in becoming recognized as an approved messenger of God and is destined to be reckoned within higher altitudes of the Church's activities. It happened at a camp meeting; the preaching was being done by brethren from the various charges of the district or near-by circuits. A committee appointed to select the preachers from day to day was in session, planning for the following day. The chairman said, "We ought to invite Marvin to preach; we hate for him to feel that he is being ignored." "No, it won't do," said another member; "we cannot afford to embarrass our people." *Fit dixit.* After much discussion, it was decided to ask him to be the speaker at the morning hour the following day. "Of course he will not accept; but we will ask him anyhow."

Marvin was sitting at the root of a tree, not far away, wearing his coonskin cap, reading the Bible. The master of ceremonies approached and said, "Brother Marvin, we want you to preach to-morrow at eleven." "All right," he replied, not even raising his eyes from the pages he was reading. The committee was dumfounded when the chairman reported that he had accepted. "Now we are into it—what shall we do?" Then one of the brethren relieved the pressure by saying, "Well, let him go on and preach; I'll follow with a good warm exhortation and get through the best we can."

With grave apprehension the committee waited for the preaching hour; they had not seen Marvin all afternoon. He had gone out into the woods alone with the One who had called him into service. A genuine surprise awaited, not only the camp meeting committee, but the great camp crowd. When the ungainly, loosely-jointed preacher appeared before them, many were moved with pity and compassion. In a very short time their fears were forgotten and their attention was gripped by the holy eloquence of the preacher; every moment his language gathered momentum and unction. The audience sat in amazement when the power began sweeping them like a tornado. Then the message was punctuated by amens and shouts, and a touch of Pentecost fell. Then in humility, the preacher thought to close; but they shouted for him to go on. Enoch M. Marvin was discovered at that service, and the people clamored to hear him daily. His reputation as a great, popular preacher was never again questioned; his ministry was eagerly sought for throughout the Conference.

Still another story, and the most interesting one of all, touching his discouragements and early days of struggle. The truth of this story has also been vouched for by those living within the past generation, and we pass it on as not at all unreasonable. It was during his first year as a junior preacher on a circuit. The pastor of a station near by was called away, and the situation was such that Marvin was the only available substitute. The would-be fastidious congregation suffered through the service, while the tall, awkward young man blundered with his message. No doubt his fine, sensitive soul suffered in such atmosphere, which helped to cause the apparent failure.

At the close of the service the congregation filed out, not one stopping to even speak to the young preacher. He was left alone with the colored sexton; no one invited him to dinner. The negro took the humiliated preacher to his home and set before him the best he had, which Marvin ate with thanksgiving. The years went by; the people of the station congregation thought so little of the young man who had ministered to them that they did not even remember his name. When next he preached for this station church he was "Bishop Marvin," and every home was wide open to him with eager invitations. But he then very quietly reminded them of the time, years before, when he was left in the church and had to dine with the colored sexton. Whereupon he told them that he had promised to dine with the old colored brother who gave him hospitality when no one else would. Such a coincidence to-day would cause reporters of big dailies to stampede for the "story."

During the intervening years before the war, E. M. Marvin became the outstanding preacher of the Middle West, with but one man who could approach him in pulpit eloquence—G. W. Caples, who was killed by a stray shot at the battle of Lexington, Mo. At one time Marvin was stationed at Centenary Church, St. Louis, where he personally conducted a revival for many weeks, and about three hundred men and women were converted; and it was under his ministry that the foundation of that great church was established.

In 1862 he entered the Confederate Army as chaplain to to a Texas and Arkansas regiment. When the war closed he gave himself to mission work among the Indians of the Northwest. Marvin gave himself body and soul to financing this work, and through his labors $5,000 was raised, and out of this struggling home mission enterprise a Conference was established.

At the General Conference of 1866 Enoch M. Marvin was elected to the episcopacy, and he was not even present as a member, if the sources of information available are correct. When the news of the election reached him, he was both surprised and shocked. There was no doubt that he was one of the greatest preachers of the South, and his election was a compliment bestowed through Christian appreciation for true merit. He was not chosen through the activities of the proverbial "organization."

He was appointed by the Church to visit and study mission work in China and Japan and to ordain native workers. From this tour he returned by way of the Holy Land, and with data gathered he wrote his famous book, "To the East by Way of the West."

His first literary work published was "Lectures on Catholicism" which was a rejoinder to a book written by a Catholic priest. He published also "The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South." This book has been largely quoted in recent times and is considered as the last word touching the *whys* of all that great controversy and separation. He published a volume, but only those who knew him in life, and from memory can supply the magic of his personality, can remotely appreciate his published sermons. The man was greater than his message. Many eminent men rise higher from the printed page. Not so with Bishop Marvin.

The subject of this sketch was married in 1845 to Miss Harriet Brotherton, and from this union one son and four daughters were born. The son was Rev. Fielding Marvin, an honored member of the Missouri Conference until his death in 1917; the daughters became the wives of Methodist preachers, except one—Marcia Marvin, who was a missionary to Cuba. One daughter was the wife of Rev. W. H. Winton, of the Southwest Missouri Conference, while the other was the wife of the late Rev. H. P. Bond, of the Missouri Conference.

Bishop Marvin died in the city of St. Louis on November 26, 1877. In some way the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has honored this major leader in God's army as she has honored no other. It is said in the army circles that officers coming up from the ranks cannot take place, all things being equal, with the academy graduates. But Bishop Marvin came from the ranks, and from the lowest stratum of ranks, and, by almost superhuman application, took first rank among scholars, educated ministers, and the nation's greatest pulpit orators.

IV

WILLIAM TAYLOR

In giving these brief studies of characters who have wrought so mightily in the kingdom of God, and who did not happen to belong to the Church that canonizes her saints, we wish to devote a chapter to one who was in some way overlooked in the great onward marches of the Church and thereby did not receive the applause that was given to others who were perhaps not as deserving. Some men, like Livingstone, Hudson Taylor, Paton, and Spurgeon were given full honors in their day and generation; but William Taylor has had less of the limelight honors than perhaps any great Christian hero of the nineteenth century. There were about his career a quietness and an obscurity which failed to bring his great service to the attention of Christendom in general and Methodism in particular. O, to be sure, before he died his own Church tried to make some amends and placed upon him the honors of the episcopacy, but not until he was "in age and feebleness extreme." The fact that he did not come into his own has been acknowledged by an eminent biographer of his own Church.

Let us examine for a moment the background, or the stage-setting, of this life. He was born in Rockbridge County, Va., May 2, 1821. Even at this date the Old Dominion State was barren of educational advantages, especially in the rural sections. William Taylor's father was a farmer in a very modest way; but not a plantation owner. We know this to be true, as his father was a tanner in connection with his farming, and his son William learned the trade and followed it along with his father. Instead of getting an education in his teens, he was tanning leather.

At the age of twenty-two, without any educational equipment whatever—another proof of his obscure home life—he was received into the itinerancy of the Methodist Church, after having served as local preacher for some time. He went at once to California, seven years before the gold rush; about all the civilization on the Pacific Coast at that early date was Spanish and Indians, with very few of his own people. In such an environment he served seven years as a "street preacher" in the little coast town of San Francisco. While in this work, mostly among savages and Romanists, he acquired a good workable knowledge of Spanish.

He did not remain in California after the "year '49," but seemed to have a wanderlust, and the next seven years, until 1856, he spent in Canada, as a missionary to the lumber camps and other little outpost villages of civilization. The travel spirit again took possession of him, and during the next five years he served as a "circuit rider" within the bounds of New England.

When the war spirit was at the highest pitch, in 1862, William Taylor left America and went to England, where he spent some years as an evangelist, preaching old-time salvation to the conservative Englishmen. Just how he retained his ecclesiastical status during all these years of wandering there seems to be no available record. However, those years of intinerant evangelism, with close application for self-education, ripened into character, seasoned and unusual.

He returned to New York and established himself as a missionary, and having had a wide experience, and by that time a cultured mind, he was equipped for any service. The Church was hearing with new emphasis the "Macedonian cry" from the wide, wide world, and William Taylor was among those that heard it. His first extensive tour was spent in visiting Egypt and Palestine; this work was done under the direction of the board of Missions of his Church.

The first mission field to which he was assigned for service was Australia, and his duties were those of an evangelist. He went throughout this great country as a veritable blaze of fire. But his labors were not those of the passing evangelist; for everywhere he went—like the Apostle Paul—he founded Churches and occasionally a school. We doubt if in all Christendom, since Paul, there has been one whose labors were so signally blessed in laying permanent foundations upon which others builded. Still another unusual result obtained under his ministry: the churches and schools he founded in that country were almost entirely self-supporting. They were not the wards of the Mission Board.

In 1866 he again toured England as an evangelist and after some months returned to Australia, revisiting the scenes of his former labors. Then he went as an evangelistic missionary to Tasmania, New Zealand, and Ceylon, and finally to South Africa. Strange as it may seem, in all these fields, wherever he went, there were soon founded self-supporting churches. The last of his Oriental labors were spent in India, from 1872 to 1876. After this he spent some time in the West Indies doing the work of an evangelist.

At this juncture of his remarkable career he heard another Macedonian call; it came from South America. Here was a country that for over three hundred years had had a form of religion and missionaries; but in truth it was, as he said, speaking from first-hand information; "more degraded than the so-called heathen lands." It was worse than when Columbus first discovered the New World. Taylor had almost forgotten his Spanish; but he crossed the Isthmus of Panama and entered the country which was burdened to exhaustion with priests, monks, and nuns, swarming by hundreds about their monasteries, convents, and churches. With all their show of religious organization, the people had no Bible; it was a sealed Book to South America.

He first made an extensive tour, visiting the most strategic points, and was amazed to find our neighboring countries as needy as the mission fields he had served. The people of South America were twenty-one per cent pure Indian; seven per cent Indios Bravos—savages; and the rest were Spanish and Portuguese. Twelve millions—with no religion but Romanism. In this needy country William Taylor thought to spend the rest of his days. He entered this mission field in 1876 and remained there until 1884.

No doubt the greatest service of his life was in South America, as he planted a chain of churches and schools which were soon self-supporting. Some way, in this regard, William Taylor had no superior; and had he gone out under different auspices, and confined himself to one field, he might have left behind him a legacy equal to that of J. Hudson Taylor of the China Inland Mission.

But his Church thought that he was needed in still another field; so the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in May, 1884, elected William Taylor to be Bishop of Africa and sent him away to that country, where he finished his active ministry. In that dark land his labors were abundantly blessed, as he likewise established a chain of self-supporting churches along the Congo and West Coast. In 1896 he came back to America to attend the General Conference; but owing to his great age he was granted the superannuate relation and did not return to Africa.

If ever there was a modern apostle like unto Paul, it was Bishop William Taylor. We doubt if there ever was another individual who covered so much territory in a continuous evangelistic activity. Let us now notice a *resumé* of the man's career as a missionary. He began as an uneducated itinerant in his old Virginia home; then seven years a street preacher in California; then Canada; then New England. We next find him in England, then in Egypt and Palestine, then in

Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and Ceylon; thence to Africa, the West Indies, and South America—closing in Africa.

Therefore, counting his old Virginia home, he labored with unusual success in *fourteen mission fields* and always left permanent results behind. We know of nothing greater in the history of the Church since the first great missionary—the Apostle Paul. Then we are further amazed at the labors of this man of God in the field of religious literature. All through his busy years of evangelism his pen was as busy as his tongue, proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to the lost in many lands. That our readers may appreciate in some measure the extent of his writings, we give a list of his books: "Seven Years' Preaching in San Francisco," "Addresses to Young America," Words to Old Folks," "The Model Preacher," "California Life Illustrated," "Infancy and Manhood of Christians," "Reconciliation—How to Be Saved," "Elected by Grace," "Adventures in South Africa," "Four Years' Campaign in India," "South American Adventures," "Letters to a Quaker on Baptism," "Ten Years' Self-Supporting Work in India," "Pauline Methods of Mission Work," "Flaming Torch in Darkest Africa," and "The True Story of My Life." He began with his pen in 1856 and through a period of forty years produced the above books—*sixteen in all.*

From 1897 until the close of his life on May 18, 1902, he lived in New York City. When the end came he was spending a little season on the Pacific Coast, and his death occurred at Palo Alto, Calif. He was truly the "soul digger" of the nineteenth century.

V

HOLLAND N. McTYEIRE

When the Egyptian kings died, it was thought that just to be ruler of so great a nation was honor enough to have their memory enshrined in a gigantic pile of stone. It was a monument to the dead. Now when we contemplate those immense pyramids containing the skeletons of cruel, arrogant monarchs, literally buried in gold and precious stones, we behold the miracle of delusion and false emphasis. The tombs of kings tell but one story, and that the undying hope of immortality. If their estimate of time and eternity may be judged by the grave equipment, the next world has to be more important than the present. They stand as a stupendous wonder to coming centuries, but that is all: the pyramidal sepulchers—the immortality of Egyptian kings. But the story gleaned from the long-ago hieroglyphics is one of cruelty and oppression. The mute testimony written on every stone is the crack of the slave driver's whip and the bludgeon of the taskmaster—human agony!

But pyramids are not all Egyptian. There are others that far outshine the lustrous glory of Cheops, or the tomb of King Tut. Once a traveler was viewing the grandeur of St. Paul's Cathedral in London and asked where he might see the monument to Sir Christopher Wren—the immortal architect. His attention was called to a simple tablet, upon which was inscribed, "If you want to see my monument, look about." Sir Christopher Wren did not need an Egyptian pyramid to tell the coming generations that he had lived. St. Paul's Cathedral of beauty, symmetry, and architectural glory was the perfected dream of a great soul, standing through the centuries, a symbol of heavenly benediction.

Holland Nimmons McTyeire! No towering shaft marks his resting place; he sleeps beneath an unpretentious marble amid the classic shades of a great university, near the center of her beautiful campus, a spot sacred to the memory of hundreds of gospel ministers throughout the Southland. If you want to see the "McTyeire Monument," look about the campus of Vanderbilt University. Eyerything that art, nature, and bounteous resources can do to delight the eye and inspire the imagination may be seen at this, one of the greatest institutions of learning south of the Mason and Dixon Line. We might dwell at some length on this cluster of stately buildings, majestic in their simplicity; but we wish to change the scene to one of extreme contrast and seek to harmonize the extremes, which are the antitheses one to the other.

The next scene is a humble, unsophisticated country home far back in the poorest section of South Carolina, nearly a century ago. It is a typical country home, where the Methodist circuit rider always found welcome shelter. The circuit rider's name was Kirkland—a name that has for many years held an honored and conspicuous place in the affairs of the Church. We have been told that this circuit rider was the father of the present Chancellor of Vanderbilt University. In this South Carolina home was a lad, perhaps in his early teens, who bespoke unusual natural endowments, such as attracted the attention of the circuit rider.

The family had retired, and perhaps the lad; but the burden of that long evening conversation was concerning that big, overgrown boy. Far into the night the argument continued; the pleading of poverty on the one side, the supreme welfare of the boy's future on the other. At last the circuit rider won out in the controversy—but what was it all about? The object sought and attained was that the father should send the son to school and college. Rev. William C. Kirkland, the circuit rider among the swamps and "low country" of South

Carolina, was making history that night. That night discovered for the Church and religious educational history of the South Holland Nimmons McTyeire.

Holland N. McTyeire was born in Barnwell County, S. C., July 28, 1824. There were no public school advantages in that part of the country, and just what preliminary advantages he had we do not know. However, he was graduated from Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va., in 1845, at the age of twenty-one. No doubt he had spent some time in a preparatory school. Randolph-Macon was the nearest Methodist institution available at that time. The date of his conversion and call to preach we have been unable to secure. No doubt his call to preach was already known in his home when the argument was made for his education by the circuit pastor.

Holland N. McTyeire joined the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at once after his graduation, one year after the separation of Methodism. In a short time he was transferred to the Alabama Conference and stationed at St. Francis Church, Mobile, Ala. After finishing this pastorate he was again transferred to the Mississippi Conference, and later to Louisiana. In 1851 he was elected to the editorship of the *New Orleans Christian Advocate,* and served in that capacity until 1858, when he was elected by the General Conference to the editorship of the *Nashville Christian Advocate,* the general organ of the Church. He was a delegate to the two previous General Conferences, 1854 and 1858.

Early in the War between the States Nashville was occupied by the Union Army, and all publications were suspended, as the Publishing House was used as an arsenal and hospital during the war. H. N. McTyeire gave up his editorial labors and was stationed at Montgomery, Ala., until the close of the war. At the General Conference of 1866 McTyeire was elected to the episcopacy. Perhaps no greater body of stalwart preachers ever assembled in the Southland. Throughout the South may be seen in church parlors and in pastors' studies a steel engraving of this famous assembly. Enoch M. Marvin was also elected bishop at this Conference.

Bishop McTyeire was in the prime of his ministry when elected to the episcopacy, being only forty-two years of age, large in body and larger in brain power. He seemed to have come to the place of power at an opportune time, as the Church never needed superior leadership so much as she did then. The South was impoverished, prostrated, crushed. Nothing remained after the scourge of war and its aftermath but an unconquerable spirit. The country was further embarrassed and humiliated by the reprenhensible *régime* of the "carpetbagger" and black domination. Bishop McTyeire was one of the noble Romans who led the scattered hosts of the Church of God to victory.

God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the New York multimillionaire, was a widower, and by some shift of fortune he met and married a cultured lady of Mobile, Ala. This lady was a cousin of Bishop McTyeire's wife, as fate would have it. Through this family relationship Bishop McTyeire became acquainted with the great financier. The Commodore at once recognized in the bishop a man, and they formed an intimate friendship. The long story told briefly is this: Bishop and Mrs. McTyeire were once invited guests of the millionaire in their New York home. When they were leaving, Mr. Vanderbilt placed in the bishop's hand a check for $500,000 as a beginning for a Southern Methodist College, which finally became a university named for the founder—Commodore Vanderbilt.

The only stipulation was that Bishop McTyeire was to be the regent, the president, or whatever the office of headship might be called. A large site was selected, and Vanderbilt

University, Nashville, Tenn., stood for many years as the undisputed property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Bishop McTyeire was the absolute custodian and head until the day of his death.

However, in all his wise and careful administration, it was said that Bishop McTyeire was doing the thinking for the whole Church until his end came; but he made one grievous mistake in the legal incorporation of the university. He was so absolutely sure of ownership that he could not be made to see any breakers ahead, and he believed that the incorporation was water-tight; but time has proved that it was not.

Judge E. H. East, who was the legal adviser of the bishop, took issue with him at one point; he saw the vulnerable spot, and called the bishop's attention to it; but he could not see the loophole. The dear bishop could not understand how any member of his beloved Church could be other than one hundred per cent loyal. "It will mean trouble, Bishop," said the wise old judge, perhaps not in your day or mine, but it will come." And it did. The dream so wonderfully realized by a great soul has vanished. Vanderbilt University is gone, though loved devotedly by her alumni of other days. We sing of our *alma mater* in a subdued tone.

Bishop McTyeire made some lasting contributions to the literature of the Church, as follows; "Catechism of Bible History," "Catechism of Church Government," "The Manual of Discipline," "The History of Methodism," "Rules of Order for Assemblies," Passing Through the Gates, and Other Sermons." He was the senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at the time of his death, which occurred February 18, 1889. He sleeps in sacred, but now alien, ground; beside him sleep three stalwart leaders of the Church; Bishop McKendree, Bishop Soule, and Chancellor Garland, on the campus of Vanderbilt University.

VI

WILLIAM BOOTH

THE earliest activities of the Salvation Army are associated with great halls crowded with interested multitudes; some fire-baptized man or woman preaching salvation in genuine "mourner's bench" method, who were the jest and ridicule, especially the preaching "lassies," wearing their funny coal-scuttle nets. Such was the movement for two or three decades, as it swept through the underworld of England and of other civilized and half-civilized lands. It was a salvation movement, literally forced upon the great founder, while protesting against the deadness and formalism then so prevalent in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. The story of William Booth is not unlike that of John Wesley; his Church refused to follow him in his zeal for the redemption of lost men rather than religiosity and stately architecture. The Methodist Church was not only indifferent to the zealous appeals for a spiritual awakening, but, like the Established Church with Wesley, refused to allow him such liberties.

We look upon the Salvation Army to-day, as another of the religious tragedies being enacted among us; it is scarcely a shadow of its former self. We behold small uniformed groups on street corners singing, preaching, pounding drums and tambourines, scarcely attracting any attention at all from the passing throngs. In the beginning, crowds followed them from the streets to the halls; such a thing now is unheard of. But the Army has activities, many of them; here they are, gathering up rubbish and old clothes throughout the city; ringing bells on the street corners during the holiday season, collecting money with which to give a dinner to the poor on Christmas; running a "sleeping house" for the "down-and-outs."

All this work is good, commendable, necessary; but it is nothing more or less than humanitarianism. The salvation feature is secondary, so far as we have observed, and confined to the "street meeting," which means next to nothing; they have their racket, take a collection, and depart.

Here is the strange twist again evident; while the Army was directly under the care and observation of William Booth, they were persecuted, assaulted, insulted by the crowd, and not infrequently imprisoned—women as well as men. Such outrages were perpetrated under the eyes of the Church and the law, with scarcely any protection from either. In one year nearly seven hundred officers and soldiers were so persecuted, two hundred and fifty being women; about one hundred thrown into prison. The *élite* religionists regarded them as unworthy of protection, and the big policeman, with his bosses higher up, looked upon them as a public nuisance, deserving drastic suppression. Now, since they have turned their attention to "serving tables," they are honored, supported by the churches, city authorities, and the press. The Army lassies during the World War won the love and undying loyalty of all the doughboys. Why? Because they were present in the trenches, first-aid places, and on the field of blood, with physical ministries; coffee, cakes, smokes, served with a kindly smile. All honor to them.

But we are to write in this chapter of the man who founded and promoted, for nearly a half century, a movement seeking primarily the salvation of the unchurched and help for the under-privileged. William Booth was born in abject poverty, April 19, 1829, at Nottingham, England. At the age of thirteen he was the only son of a widowed mother. The Booths were fighters, and some one has said that the ancestors of this man were "fighting something, somewhere, a thousand years ago."

Booth said that his mother was a contradiction to the doctrine of human depravity, which, says he, "I firmly believe; but in her there were no evidences of it." Poverty in those days did not solicit the attention of the public as now: they were made to feel the great "gulf fixed" between them and the better classes, and they must submit to their lot. This was the early environment of William Booth, the "apostle of the poor."

The Booth family were Methodists; but this young man found little in the Church of his fathers that exemplified the holy principles of John Wesley. "I believe," said he, "in one God, and that John Wesley was his prophet." But forty years after Wesley's death his Church had grown cold, dead, and formal—pews for the rich and no welcome for the poor.

Booth was converted in a little Methodist chapel in Nottingham at the age of fifteen and struggled long and hard before he was settled in a life of holy faith, from which he never swerved for nearly seventy-five years of devoted service. Soon after his conversion, following a long attack of fever, he was called by a young friend, William Sansom, to help him in a mission located in the slums of the town. That is where he got his first vision of the needs of the unchurched. After his father's death he worked as an apprentice, and for ten years after opening the mission he was a lay preacher. He says: "How I did work, those days; I left at seven in the evening; soon after, a visit to some sick person; then a street meeting, followed by a cottage meeting, where usually some one was saved. I reached home about midnight to get all the rest I could until seven in the morning. That was sharp exercise." During those ten years he was a close reader of the Bible and, next to it, "Finney's Lectures on Revivals."

He tells us that he modeled his sermons after Wesley, Whitefield, and Finney. In those days there was a wide chasm between the laymen and the clergy; and he was bitterly opposed by the "cloth," as they considered preaching by the unordained as sacrilegious. Different dress, voice, and mannerisms must accompany those who were authorized to preach—all of which was nauseating to the zealous soul of young Booth. But the ten years of rough-and-tumble street preaching in Nottingham and London laid the foundation for his remarkable ministry as a leader of the Salvation Army in after years.

Meanwhile God was preparing for him a helpmeet, in the person of Catherine Mumford. This zealous young woman was excluded from her Church because she would not agree to stay away from the Reform Party, which was composed of men and women who wanted to set aside conventionalities for the sake of men's souls. William and Catherine were married, and she became a never-failing source of comfort and sympathy to her husband in his early ministry. It was she who broke away from the regularities of all the churches, which stood against women speaking in public.

The Methodist New Connexion was the body which William Booth joined. They insisted that he must be better educated; so they put him to studying Greek, Latin, and science. He soon found himself utterly unfitted for this task; he saw dying souls about him and could not be interested in the full routine of classic studies. The time came when a choice must be made; the church demanded the cold formalities of an ecclesiastical program; William Booth heard another call louder than the orderly church ministry.

The Conference was in session; he must choose between the overlordship of the Church and a clear call from the "highways and byways"—the lost men and women. At the tense moment a voice, sweet and distinct, rang out from the gallery, "William Booth, you do what God wants you to do"—and he did. This noble man took his wife by the hand, and together they walked out of that Conference and Church forever. It was the choice that day which gave to the world the Salvation Army.

The Booths spent some time doing revival work after they were excluded from the Church; but they were practically stranded, waiting to see what God would have them do. In the meantime they settled in East London, and at last the opportunity came. William Booth was invited to hold services in a big tent erected on an old burying ground, in the Whitechapel neighborhood, as the expected "missioner" was taken suddenly ill.

Now was the beginning of a wonderful career. The organizing genius of William Booth at once became active, and the whole world knows what he accomplished—the Salvation Army, organized, trained, and commissioned, in even greater detail than either the English or the American Armies. It was first called the "East London Christian Revival Society." Much time was spent in fasting and prayer; whole nights were spent waiting on the Lord for more light. We wish to state here that William Booth, although alienated from his own beloved Church, was an ardent believer in the great doctrines taught by John Wesley. He believed and preached the doctrine of entire sanctification, held special "holiness meetings," and urged the believers to seek it as a work of grace subsequent to regeneration. So we see that the Salvation Army was born in the "upper room," as it were, of pentecostal fires. William Booth did not believe his officers capable of assuming the sacrificial duties of the Army without their Pentecost and did not hesitate to so preach it. He urged them to wait until they received "power from on high."

The Salvation Army spread to every large city of England and Scotland in a short time, and as rapidly as officers could be found capable of caring for the work new posts were established. Permanent headquarters were in London; but the General Superintendent, as he was first called, went continually, formed new organizations, and kept close watch over the work in all cities. The conception was gigantic, and even more united and connected than the Young Men's Christian Association, which was the growth of several decades and wrought in the council of many Christian leaders. The Salvation Army came from the heart and brain of one man.

William Booth traveled and organized his work in every nation, civilized and heathen; and unlike the United States Army, stationed in all countries, his Army was named, almost entirely, from the native human soil where he planted the posts. Then our Army is officered by high-salaried men; Booth's Army was run almost on voluntary service, without power to enforce duties.

William Booth was a prodigious writer, and we marvel at the books which came from his pen when we survey his vast field of activities. The duties of the Pope of Rome, or the ruler of any nation, are small in comparison with the labors of this Christian statesman. His first book was "Darkest England, and the Way Out." This was followed by "Religion for Every Day," and then "How to Reach the Masses with the Gospel." Then every detail of the Army organization was covered by specific volumes: "Orders and Regulations for Staff Officers," "Orders and Regulations for Field Officers"; then the division and field officers, each and all had books of instruction in the most minute detail. In addition, we all know about the central organ of the International Army, the *War Cry,* the brain child of the great founder.

Since the Apostle Paul we know of no man—saint, martyr, or reformer—who so absolutely exemplified the idea of a Christian soldier as the founder of the Salvation Army. Paul saw it as a warfare and so invested his life; Booth saw in the same light and organized "fighters" who have circled the globe. It is to be regretted that the fighting spirit for lost men has waned; yet there remain multitudes of consecrated, Spirit-filled men and women who still stand for the things that William Booth stood for in the earlier years of the Salvation Army.

VII

JOSEPH PARKER

DURING the last half of the nineteenth century no country was so well blessed in having an ususual number of great preachers as was England. It is the consensus of opinion that the preacher, *par excellence,* however, was C. H. Spurgeon, —a fine type of scholarly and popular preacher, wielding a powerful influence in the higher social and religious circles. Alexander McLaren was outstanding in every particular. There were others nationally known—Mark Guy Pearse, Hugh Price Hughes—who might be named. But the religious history of England during the last decades of the century would be incomplete without a summary of Joseph Parker, the great Nonconformist preacher of London. He could not be compared with Spurgeon and others in certain particulars; but in the realm of stentorian pulpit oratory, with convictions as consuming as ever fired the heart of Peter the Hermit, none were greater than he.

He could not be compared or classified with any other great preacher of his day, any more than Sam Jones could be compared with D. L. Moody or Bishop Marvin. Since Dr. Parker was original and eccentric; the throngs who waited upon his ministry were often shocked and even dumfounded by his startling statements, often couched in terms of near-blasphemy. But when they caught their breadth, and digested his words, they would see and appreciate the scathing truth conveyed. Dr. Parker was great in physique and brain, and his tremendous physical energy was backed and enhanced by dramatic force which, when aroused by some social outrage or political wrong, was a veritable human dynamo. All London gasped when the preacher of the City Temple trained his guns on the Sultan of Turkey and, with eyes blazing with holy frenzy, called upon God to "damn the Sultan." It was at the time when the Turks were butchering the Armenians by the hundreds with the silent approval of the Sultan. Certainly, if ever a statement invoking the wrath of God was justified, it was in this case. But, right or wrong, Dr. Parker could say it and, in the parlance of the street, "get by with it." This was just one case of many similar ones, and we doubt if any one else except Dr. Parker and Sam Jones could have done it. Others wielded a keen Damascus blade in the defense of the truth; Dr. Parker mauled with a bludgeon and pulverized whatever he mauled.

Joseph Parker was born at Hexham on the Tyne, England, May 9, 1830, of humble origin, in that his father was a day laborer, working at the trade of stone mason. This meant that young Parker had no educational or social advantages whatever. His early years were spent as an assistant bread winner for the family. Early in life he acquired a thirst for learning and became an earnest student, gathering information from every possible source while laboring daily as a wage earner. At the age of fifteen he enlisted in the National Guards, which were the reserves called out in the time of revolution or strikes, and remained in this service until he was twenty years old.

Wherever he was, as a lad at home toiling ten and twelve hours a day, or in the service of his country, he sought the company, or association, when it was only as a listener, of great men—preachers and statemen. It was a rule of his life to get in close contact with the leading preachers and members of Parliament, whereby he might, in every way possible, catch inspiration from great leaders. He allowed no opportunity to pass without seizing on some principle or data, learned in such a manner. Early in life he adopted the Liberalistic viewpoint on all social, political, and religious questions. All of which, when it came to maturity, headed up in one of the most outstanding Nonconformists leaders of this country. The problem of the poor, ignorant, and under-priviliged held a strong appeal for him. He became the champion of the common people and their needs; having sprung from the stratum of the struggling masses, he knew the meaning of their heart-throbs from personal experience.

When about twenty years of age, young Parker wrote Dr. John Campbell, pastor of the Whitefild Tabernacle, London, for religious advice touching life service in general and the ministry in particular. This friendly communication resulted in Joseph Parker finally entering the ministry of the Congregational Church on probation. He served for some time in the capacity of local preacher; this initial ordination opened the door through which he entered boldly, once he got his mental and religious bearings. His first public service as a public speaker was lecturing on the evils of the liquor traffic. His fiery denunciations and his crude but thundering oratory very soon gained for him an ever-widening reputation. His vigorous utterances and drastic treatment of those who fattened on the rum business, though often in language immature, were almost startling. The foundation was being laid for him, who became a terror to evildoers, when he reached a place where he spoke with authority. After a reasonable probation, he was given the position of assistant to Dr. Campbell. This gave him the opportunity he had long sought for—a chance to better equip himself for service in the work of the ministry. In connection with his labors in this large pastorate, he attended lectures at the College of London, an institution which afterwards became the University of London.

In 1853 he received a call to the pastorate of the Banbury Congregational Church, and he accepted it, entering upon his new duties just one year from the time he was chosen assistant to Dr. Campbell. He served in this field for five years, at the end of which time he was beginning to be a recognized leader of the Nonconformist forces of England, though only twenty-eight years of age. He was called to the Cavendish Street Church, Manchester, where he was accorded the leadership of the Congregational denomination. His pulpit was a veritable throne of thunder against all wrongs, frauds, and shame, in whatever sphere they operated—political, commercial, or religious. He was the perfect antithesis of Dr. McLaren, then in the same city and enjoying the zenith of his popularity. Both men were molders of public opinion, but in a very different manner. Dr. Parker was not only the leader of English Nonconformity, but he was the head.

While in Manchester he published his first book, "Ecce Deus," which was a rejoinder to a book, just published, bearing the title of "Ecce Homo." The book was a strong argument against too much stress being laid on the humanity of Jesus Christ, so as to overshadow his Deity. We need more books on "Ecce Deus" these days. Dr. Parker was a stalwart defender of the authenticity of the Bible and the Godhead of Jesus Christ. All England began to recognize Dr. Parker as her greatest champion of righteousness and revelation touching the tenets of faith.

In 1869 he was called to the pastorate of Poultry Church, London—a congregation which had been organized by Dr. Godwin. One of the first things that congregation discovered was that their building was inadequate to accommodate those who sought to hear Dr. Parker.

He was one of London's great voices "crying in the wilderness," as it were, and multitudes from all London flocked to hear him. In a few weeks a movement was inaugurated for the erection of the City Temple, which was in Halburn Viaduct, and this enterprise was carried to a successful ending. The first service was held in it on May 19, 1874. The cost of this gigantic structure was above $350,000, and, if given a modern estimate, would now be far above a million dollars—a marvelous proposition for that early period of Protestant church building.

On entering this great temple of worship, Dr. Parker began a career of unusual power and usefulness. City Temple was his throne, and from it he wielded an influence second to no man in England, although a contemporary of England's three greatest men: William E. Gladstone, Charles H. Spurgeon, and Alexander McLaren.

Evildoers in all walks of life feared him, but he knew that his position was secure, as he was backed by a great congregation. When the public was aroused over some great question of moral or political interest, it expected that the Voice of the City Temple would make itself heard, and it was never disappointed. Dr. Parker feared neither king nor the nobility. All alike were made to feel the terrific onslaught of his tremendous messages. He was never dull, but always racy, and often his sermons were accentuated with the vernacular of the street. Whatever he chose to say or do, he was big enough to say and do it without fear or favor. Like our own Sam Jones, his greatest strength seemed to be in power of denunciation; his personality was such as to be without comparison or classification. Viewed from any angle, he was unique and original, and for over a quarter of a century he was one of England's ten-talented, high-powered characters, always standing foursquare for the truest and best in life and godliness.

The University of Chicago gave him the degree of D.D., even before he was honored by institutions of his own country. He was chairman of the Congregational Union of England for many years. Dr. Parker was preëminently a preacher; but no man perhaps has given more printed messages in sermons and books than he. He published "City Temple Sermons" and "Parker's People's Bible" in twenty-five large volumes. We delight to mention in this connection that with every published sermon or address there was a printed prayer. Those prayers are classics, both in spirit and language, breathing the very essence of reverence and worship. There is nothing in religious literature superior to his hundreds of prayers, viewed from the standpoint of language, scope, appeal, and brevity.

In his People's Bible he does not give the extent of his own creations, but opens windows, so that preachers and Bible students may look upon the same glorious landscape of vision and eternal truth as he saw it. Besides the above-mentioned works, he published the following books: "Autobiography," "Springdale Abbey," "The Inner Life of Christ," "Tyne Clide—My Life Teaching," "A Preacher's Life," "The Evils of Rum," "The Sultan of Turkey," and "Corrupt Politics." One of the most illuminating volumes from the pen of this gifted man was "Dr. Parker and His Friends."

In 1899 his second wife died, which so grieved and depressed him that his great spirit never recovered from the loss, and on November 28, 1902, he died. Truly a great man in God's Israel had fallen.

VIII

JOHN A. BROADUS

It is a very rare achievement for one man to rise superior to his brethren of a great denomination. This is not easily done in denominations with the episcopal form of government; of course churches that elect to the high office of bishop, for instance, have outstanding men who tower above the others. But when the highest pinnacle is reached, and they are elected to the episcopacy, honors strike a *dead level,* a flat rate, as it were. There is a wide range of difference among those elevated to this high office; but if the man happens to be of small caliber, he is still "bishop," carrying all the honors which attach to this distinction, equal to that of any colleague.

But in a denomination more democratic, and with a congregational form of government, it is possible for a man to reach an altitude of position and power where the eccesiastical wheel of fortune cannot swing a man of smaller mold. We believe this position was reached by one man, in a way individual and peculiar, in the person of Dr. John A. Broadus, who was for many years, the president of the Southern Baptist Seminary and leader of the great Southern Baptist Church. Such distinction did not come to this man of his own brethren alone; but it was a consensus of opinion that found its way into the thinking of other denominations. The theology of this particular church is considered a bit narrow—a close corporation, religiously speaking; but its conservatism was not so narrow as to limit the place occupied by this great leader of his fellows. In other words, Dr. John A. Broadus was bigger than his church and cosmopolitan enough to rise above the creeds and dogmatism.

We do not presume to hint that Dr. Broadus did not believe with all his heart the tenets and doctrines of his church; but we do say that there was a bigness about him so sincere, and yet so omni-christian, that leaders of other faiths felt and appreciated the majesty of the man. While he believed his particular doctrines, yet his spirit was so wholesome and generous that those who differed with him were fellowshiped with such a catholic spirit that creeds were forgotten. The mind of Dr. Broadus was so towering that small things like prejudice and sectarian narrowness found no place in him. The man was great enough not to recognize his own greatness. There are two kinds of greatness: one is such as to carry a self-consciousness of the Who and What; the other is dominated with simplicity and humility to such a degree that the knowledge is never quite found out.

Dr. John A. Broadus belonged to the latter class. There was a charity about him touching other men and creeds that won for him a place of nation-wide renown.

We doubt if one single man ever wielded a greater influence upon a great church than did he on the Baptist Church in America in general, and the Southern Baptist Church in particular. He placed an indelible stamp upon the preachers of that faith in his generation, and his influence is living to-day and is bearing fruit. We can but attribute to Dr. Broadus some of the credit for the fearless and unequivocal stand taken by that denomination recently touching the faith of the Bible. It must be said to the honor of the Southern Baptist Association that, by unanimous action, they proclaimed to the world their absolute orthodox stand on the Bible and the authenticity of revelation. They will permit no teacher in college or university who does not stand foursquare for the Bible, as over against Modernism that is being fostered so boldly in some religious denominational families.

Dr. Broadus was not only a scholar, but along with it held a faith of childish simplicity. His personality was so marked that, though dead, he is still speaking in the great assemblies of the Baptist Church. It is being done through the hundreds of preachers who were so fortunate as to sit at his feet. The by-products of his faithful soul reflect light on the Southern Association.

John Albert Broadus was born in Culpeper County, Va., January 24, 1827. Of his childhood and early preparation for his life work we have no sure data. However, he was educated at the University of Virginia and as a recognition of his ability was chosen soon after graduation as assistant professor of ancient languages in his *alma mater.* He entered upon these duties at the age of twenty-four. In 1853 he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Charlottesville, Va., and continued in this field until 1859, when he was called to the chair of New Testament Greek and Interpretation, also of Homiletics, in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, which was then located at Greenville, S. C. When this institution was moved to Louisville, Ky., John A. Broadus was elected the president, a position he held with unusual distinction until the day of his death.

The Southern Baptist Seminary served the entire Southland and no doubt many candidates for the ministry living beyond the bounds of the Southern Church as well as other denominations. Therefore Dr. Broadus has given his personal stamp to more young preachers than perhaps any religious teacher in America. The standards of admission looking to a degree in this school were equal to any others in the country; but young ministers of all ranks—even after serving churches and with families—have gotten some training at this great center of religious education.

We must acknowledge another important fact; we believe this school to be as free from every taint of modernism as can be found in the United States—we mean among the theological seminaries. We believe the impact of Dr. Broadus has never been destroyed. The charge that genuine scholarship must have the taint of the modern viewpoint is overwhelmingly refuted in the life of this great leader. We doubt if in all America there was a Greek scholar superior to Dr. Broadus; and as a New Testament critic he stood at the head of his denomination. However, he wrote very little in the line of research; but enough of his reviews appeared in the religious journals to give him first rank among scholars.

Dr. Broadus was the teacher of Dr. Gross Alexander, who for years was the teacher of New Testament Greek in Vanderbilt University, and who was also one of the outstanding Greek scholars in America. Dr. Broadus said that Dr. Alexander was second to none in New Testament Greek.

Dr. Broadus did not write many books; but the ones he did write were masterpieces. In 1870 he published "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons," than which nothing greater and more practical was ever given into the hands of young ministers. It is a classic, was adopted as a textbook in seminaries of other denominations, and was in the course of study for undergraduates not attending seminaries. He also prepared a book on the "Harmony of the Gospels" which was in keeping with all his other excellent contributions. He wrote in the *Religious Herald* on travels and other data of value in the East. In 1877 he published a volume of "Lectures on the History of Preaching." In 1884 he wrote "Three Questions as to the Bible." This was a great scholarly credential of the old Book. In 1886 he wrote a commentary on the book of Matthew and the same year published a volume of "Sermons and Addresses."

The memory and influence of such a man remain as a benediction to the religious people of a whole nation. As a preacher his greatness was in his simplicity; he was scholar enough to submerge the "show of much learning" and translate his rich, mature "beaten oil of the sanctuary" to the level of a plain gospel preacher whom the common people heard gladly and understood. Dr. Broadus was big enough to see greatness in others—a rare qualification. We once heard him say that Dr. Bledsoe, of the Southern Methodist Church, was the greatest analytical mind America ever produced.

As to the exact circumstances of Dr. Broadus' death we have been unable to secure information. He died on March 16, 1895. He sleeps beneath an unpretentious monument in beautiful Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Ky. As a man of consummate scholarship, deep piety, and simple orthodox faith, wielding an influence for righteousness second to no man of his generation, we are glad to place his name in the long list of "Modern Apostles of Faith."

IX

ISAAC W. JOYCE

In the traditions of every religious denomination there are outstanding characters; they rise like the peaks of a mountain range. Methodism has produced some great pastors, great evangelists, great parliamentarians, and great religious statesmen. But how rarely do all these qualities obtain in one man. The evangelist cannot have all the qualities of the careful pastor, and *vice versa*; the pulpit orator finds himself worried and taxed by the strenuous details of pastoral duties; some of the greatest executors and administrators of church affairs are dull, uninteresting preachers.

Among the towering high lights of Methodism there was one who comes more nearly combining all these qualities than perhaps any other—Isaac W. Joyce, of sainted memory. He had a marvelously complex personality, with decided powers of evangelism; he was also an executor, doing big things in the Church, and a religious leader and statesman—all blending in an extraordinary degree. At no time did he lose interest in and oversight of the program of the Church throughout a long life of service.

Bishop Joyce continued until the end an ardent, active promoter of revivals, according to the ideals and customs of Methodism in her best days. He closed his earthly career at the Red Rock Holiness Camp Meeting, near Minneapolis, Minn. His last public message was delivered from that platform, giving full approval to the spirit and doctrines proclaimed there. That Bishop Joyce was there an advocate of the type of evangelism long since obsolete in Methodist churches gives him a place among the chief shepherds of Methodism which cannot be duplicated without reaching far back to the days of Asbury and McKendree. Bishop Joyce stood for the highest things of Wesleyan Methodism, and, without new interpretation or new emphasis, he believed and preached the doctrines of his beloved Church. Isaac W. Joyce was a great pastor, a great revivalist, and a great leader.

Ohio is a State with unusual distinction, having given to the nation presidents and bishops far above her quota; it is the fatherland of presidents and bishops. "Born in Ohio for political purposes," once said a wit in Congress; but the State has given to Methodism thirteen bishops. This is due to the fact that Ohio, like Texas in Southern Methodism, holds a balance of power, there being four large Conferences in the State. The early pioneers of Methodism almost preëmpted that part of the country. Bishop Joyce was born in poverty, but there coursed through his veins the blood of the purest Irish stock from Galway County, Ireland.

The Joyce family belongs to the British and Welsh line of nobility. The descendants still own large tracts of land in Connaught Province, and they are of such prominence that the historians refer to the section as "the Joyce country." A genealogist says the family was first of the "Jorz" stock, and belonged to the Normans who conquered England. Such records are extant dating back to the twelfth century. While all such human distinctions are found among his ancestors, and are highly regarded by some, Bishop Joyce cared absolutely nothing for them. He used to say, "The most useless coat a man can own is a coat of arms." However, he inherited the sturdy, courageous Norman character, and it was fused with the warm Irish temperament—a rare combination.

On a very humble farm in Hamilton County, Ohio, near Cincinnati, on October 11, 1836, Isaac W. Joyce was born. In 1850 the family moved to Indiana and settled near Lafayette, not far from a place made famous years before by the "Battle of Tippecanoe," led by Gen. William Henry Harrison against "The Prophet," a famous chief and brother of Tecumseh. Near this battle field, in a log hut covered with morning-glories, young Joyce spent his boyhood days. There are no unusual Lincoln stories connected with his early life; it was the drab, uneventful drudgery of a poor family, barren of intellectual and cultural environments—hard manual labor all the spring, summer and autumn, with a few winter months at the district school. But with all this the young man possessed an innate love for all nature. The woods and streams, teeming with animal and bird life—these constitute his first and most valuable curriculum.

The early life of young Joyce, as before mentioned, was that of a woodsman, but not so barren as the stories of Edward Eggleston would indicate. Rural schools were of a high order in his locality. Just at the time he had finished the district school the big event of his life happened—his conversion. The story of his conversion was unique. One hot July night in 1852 he went coon hunting with some of his fellows. Some way he got separated from his companions and was for a time lost. Then he heard singing and saw a light through the trees. It happened to be a protracted meeting conducted by Rev. David Brown, a United Brethren minister, in a schoolhouse. He went in, became interested, and when the call was made he went to the altar—a crude "mourners' bench"—and was genuinely converted.

Of course young Isaac joined the United Brethren Church, was baptized in Wabash River, and very soon felt the call to preach; whereupon he entered Hartsville College, a small school of that denomination. Like scores of other men who have done great things in the world, he had no means wherewith to pay school expenses. He worked his way by doing manual labor for the members of the faculty—building fires and chopping wood. He attended this school for two years, from 1854 to 1856. Then he taught school for some time, but never gave up his desire for a finished college education. Even after entering the ministry, and before, while teaching, he kept up his studies, and in 1872 received his degree from Asbury College, now DePauw University. Bishop Joyce was an ardent promoter of higher education and urged all young men entering the ministry to secure the best possible preparation.

While at Hartsville College young Joyce was granted local license in the United Brethren Church; but when teaching school in Rensselaer, Ind., because of his unusual gifts he attracted the attention of the Methodist preacher, who communicated this fact to his presiding elder, who also sought his acquaintance, and this resulted in Isaac W. Joyce transferring his membership to the Methodist Church. He had already become familiar with the limitations in the line of opportunity of the Church of his first love. It was Granville Moody who saved Isaac W. Joyce to Methodism. He was given work as a "supply" in the Northwest Indiana Conference and assigned to Rolling Prairie Circuit, with sixteen appointments.

His worldly possessions consisted of a horse given to him by his father, saddlebags, Bible, hymn book, Discipline, and two dollars and twenty-five cents. Thus he started for his field of labor, one hundred and fifty miles distant. He went without food that his horse might eat and make the journey. Thus began the career of one of Methodism's brightest lights. He was admitted "on trial" the following year. It was on this first charge that he met the young woman who afterwards became his loving helpmeet and companion to the end of his life-long pilgrimage—Miss Caroline Bosserman.

In 1860 Bishop Simpson sent him to what was known to be the hardest appointment in the Conference. But with a genuine experience of salvation, with tact and unusual pulpit ability for a young man, he soon won a place of continuous promotion.

At the age of thirty-two he was made presiding elder of the Lafayette District, a new and larger responsibility, which he discharged with great success. The whole district was under the impact of a revival, directed in a general way by the zealous young leader. By the request of the official board he was appointed to the large Trinity Church of Lafayette. For ten years he sustained himself in that cultured center and college community.

Because of failing health he took a supernumerary relation and went to Baltimore, by invitation, to serve an independent Methodist Church, with the privilege of resting in the country to regain his health. He was urged to continue in Baltimore, but refused unless this church would become regular in the Methodism of Baltimore. A condition growing out of the war made this impossible; so he returned to Indiana and was appointed to the church in Greencastle, the most commanding charge of the Conference. After serving there with the same success as had always attended his ministry, he was transferred to the Cincinnati Conference and appointed to St. Paul, a great downtown church struggling to hold its place. This was in 1880, and the popular pastor of the big church soon became a positive influence in the city. An auditorium seating at least 2,500 people was soon filled, and some mighty revivals were held, promoted by the pastor.

At the end of three years Dr. Joyce was appointed to Trinity Church, Cincinnati, only a few blocks from St. Paul. It was while pastor of Trinity that he secured the services of Rev. Sam P. Jones of Georgia. It was a bold move and was done over the protest of his fellow pastors; but it was a meeting that made history in Cincinnati. The church could not hold the crowd from the opening service. Then the great Music Hall was rented, and the pastor assumed the whole obligation for the expense. Literally hundreds of souls were saved and the churches of the city strengthened. The finances were easy and overflowing. The meeting was a success from the beginning and at every angle, and to no one was the success more clearly due than to the pastor of Trinity, who had boldly undertaken it. It was said that 40,000 pennies were contributed in the collections—given by children and poor people.

The influence of Dr. Joyce can be seen further in Cincinnati by the fact that at the close of his pastorate of Trinity he was again appointed to St. Paul. But we wish to pause here for a moment; there is always a minor key in the finest music; the rise to the pinnacle of success with an apostolic commission was not all congratulation and applause. "When a man gets tall enough to be seen above the crowd, he becomes a target for the shafts and poison arrows of petty rivals." This is just as true among ministers as in any other vocation. Envious and jealous men sought to discount and misrepresent him; his heart was made to ache many times by the unkind and hateful criticism of his brethren.

He was elected to the epicopacy in 1888, to the surprise of a large part of the Church; but the action of the General Conference met with the hearty approval of all Methodism in Ohio and Indiana. An earnest effort was made to secure his residence in Cincinnati; but he was sent to Chattanooga, where the delicate task of caring for the Church in the Southland was given over to him. This work he did with such tact that he won the love and friendship of all who knew him.

We wish to mention but one feature of his work as bishop, which gave him added strength and influence. While pastor of St. Paul he attended the Epworth Heights Camp Meeting, and under the preaching of Dr. William Jones he sought and received the experience of entire sanctification. After he became bishop he never failed to place the emphasis on this higher experience. He took with him such men as Dr. Samuel Keen, Dr. E. S. Dunham, McDonald, and Inskip; his Conferences were scenes of great religious awakening. On this policy we quote his own words, "When I am resting under the flowers I want it told as a memorial that I had this blessing of entire sanctification, as a work of grace by faith in the blood of Christ, subsequent to regeneration."

He was stricken while preaching at the Red Rock Camp Meeting, which was not far from his last residence at Minneapolis. It was on Sunday morning, July 2, 1905; the sermon was one of unusual power and unction. But before he finished he was seen to be sinking and was caught in the arms of Dr. H. C. Morrison, whom he loved devotedly. After he was carried to his room, there was such an awe upon the people that sixty-five souls were swept into the kingdom that day. Four weeks later his spirit went home, but there remained a halo of glory on his brow. A biographer says this about him, "I most confidently believe that Bishop Joyce came as near to New Testament ideal of what a bishop ought to be in the Church of God as is possible for flesh and blood."

X

JAMES M. THOBURN

THE parents of James M. Thoburn came to America from Ireland in 1825 and finally settled in the State of Ohio. They were devout people, members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. There was a family of ten children, of which James, born March 7, 1836, at St. Clairsville, Ohio, was the seventh. He prepared himself for college in the public schools of that little city and at the age of fifteen entered Alleghany College in 1857. He was genuninely converted when a lad at home, and in his youth felt the call to preach. In 1858 he was admitted on trial into the Pittsburgh Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He traveled a circuit for one year in Stark County, Ohio, and one year later was accepted by the Board of Missions and sent to India.

In the fall of 1859 James M. Thoburn arrived in the city of Calcutta, but was sent at once to Naini Tal, an outpost far up in the Himalaya Mountains—a venturesome position for a young man only twenty-three years old and unable to speak the language. He remained at this post for six years and was then sent to a mountain district in the Garhwal country far away from any sort of English civilization. He remained there for two lonely years and then transferred to Moradabad, the leading city of Rohilkhand; he spent two years there and then went to Lucknow, where he spent four years. Truly he was in the "traveling connection."

At this point of his career, though well established as a missionary and well acquainted with the vast country of India, he was assigned to Calcutta, where he spent the larger part of his remaining years. He became the pastor of the English church in Calcutta, which church under his ministry became one of the strongest of its kind in India. Calcutta was the leading metropolis, and travelers and missionaries passed through that city to all parts of India, and in this way Thoburn had the most conspicuous pulpit in the land.

While located in Calcutta, he invited William Taylor, the greatest missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to visit the country. Through the introduction of Thoburn, Taylor toured the entire country with remarkable results. Then Thoburn became an evangelist, visiting all the contiguous cities and countries. He was a delegate to the General Conference in 1888 and at that session was elected Bishop of India and Malaysia; with headquarters at Calcutta, he evangelized his entire episcopal district—all India, Malaysia, and Burma.

While Thoburn was a missionary to India, he did his greatest work among the English-speaking people of all those countries; he evangelized those of his own tongue in Rajon, Burma, Singapore, Malaysia, Borneo, Java, and Sumatra. At that time there was but one city of prominence closed to the gospel in that vast area, and that was Manila, the largest city of the Philippine Islands. Bishop Thoburn prayed until the doors of that benighted, priest-ridden city were opened to the gospel of full and free salvation.

Bishop Thoburn was a great pioneer and pathfinder; he seemed to have a sixth sense as to needy places that could be opened for the gospel. Like Paul, he sought continually the regions beyond, and wherever he went the gospel of the Lord Jesus was fully exemplified. In the city of Singapore he founded a great work and a flourishing English Church, besides making it the base for missionary activities among the heathen peoples. This quiet, saintly man became one of the greatest exponents of missionary truth and conditions, not only within his own denominations, but in great world problems.

James M. Thoburn was small in stature, insignificant in appearance, and the soul of modesty and humility; there was nothing conspicuous about the man. When he returned to America on his first furlough, he visited various Annual Conferences throughout the Church, but no one paid any attention to him. It was with much reluctance that he was given even a few moments before the sessions of the Conferences. Here is a story worth repeating: He was at a session of an Iowa Conference and was told very kindly by the Committee on Public Worship that they were very sorry that they were unable to make a place for him, as they had all the hours and anniversaries provided for as to speakers. However, the Woman's Missionary Society, at the night service of their anniversary, was disappointed at the last moment by the speaker failing to show up when the time drew near at hand. They were much confused and embarrassed, whereupon some one suggested that Thoburn, a returned missionary from India, was there, and as a makeshift he was asked to deliver the address.

This occasion proved a sunrise for James M. Thoburn, and the great Methodist Episcopal Church discovered him by that slip in the program. They had heard many dry-as-dust missionary addresses annually by secretaries and now and then by a missionary; but when this quiet man of God opened his speech on India it was a surprise, a shock, a sunburst. For over an hour the great audience was held breathless and overwhelmed with the message that was not only packed with startling information, told in a new way, but the unction of the Holy Spirit was upon it. The Church had known him only as James M. Thoburn, one of the missionaries to India; but now they knew him as a mighty prophet with a world vision and with a grasp of things far out of the ordinary.

From that time until his death Thoburn was a conspicuous figure in Methodism. Calls and invitations, far beyond his ability to fill, poured in upon him from all over the Church. He was the attraction at all the Conferences and missionary conventions. By his long and careful study of the fields, and with the Spirit of God on him, he measured up to the highest expectations wherever he went. When he came to America the second time, they conferred upon him the honors of the episcopacy.

Following his great victory at the Iowa Conference, the Church budget being insufficient to carry forward the enlarged program for India as the needs demanded, he went throughout the Church, put the needs of India upon the conscience of the people, and thereby raised an extra $25,000 for the work in his chosen field. With these funds the work went forward with unusual success. Thoburn was a great organizer, and the large measure of his success was due to the native workers he equipped. He also saw that it would require consecrated white women to break through the barriers of that land of harems and submerged womanhood; whereupon he induced his sister, Isabella Thoburn, to give her life to India. The story of this woman's great work is like another chapter to the Acts of the Apostles.

Bishop Thoburn lived in Calcutta until 1896 and then changed to Bombay. When the Philippine Islands came under the protectorate of the United States, his district was enlarged to take in that Island Empire. During the administration of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt the advice of Bishop Thoburn carried more weight than that of any other man relative to many great international questions. Bishop Stuntz said of him: "In all he said and did, there was the prophetic note. He looked into the future; he looked at totals, not items. He sought the currents, because he was not satisfied with the eddies." At the Laymen's Missionary Congress which met in Chicago, he was introduced by the chairman as "the greatest missionary statesman of this generation." At the General Missionary Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which met in New Orleans in 1901, Thoburn was an honored guest and speaker.

The *New York Christian Advocate* said of him editorially: "Without spectacular qualities, with no special gifts of dramatic eloquence; nevertheless by sheer force of spiritual endowments, breadth of sympathy, and administrative skill, he won recognition in India, and in America, and the world, as perhaps the greatest missionary leader Methodism ever produced." The *Indian Witness,* of which he was the editor for many years, gave this testimony: "Bishop Thoburn walked with God, not ahead of him, not behind him; but with him, in such familiar, joyous fellowship and service that his aims and utterances were inspired. He knew the Lord, and knew his word; he knew the human heart, and the only cure for sin, and spared no effort to make Christ known. The Living Christ was his favorite theme. 'It is not enough,' he declared, 'to proclaim the fact that Jesus rose from the dead; but to add to this the supreme assertion that he who was dead and rose to life again is still living; that he is king of the nations, the Saviour of sinners, the helper of universal humanity.' This conviction characterized his whole life."

Bishop Thoburn wrote many valuable books, his first being "My Missionary Apprenticeship," a work which covered his experiences during the first twenty-five years on the field. Then followed "India and Malaysia," "The Deaconess and Her Work," "Light in the East," and "Christian Nations." The last book published was "The Church of Pentecost."

He was married first in 1861 to Mrs. Minerva Downey, the widowed daughter of a missionary at Bareilly. One son was born to this union, Crawford R. Thoburn, who became a prominent minister of the Methodist Church and was the chancellor of the Portland (Oregon) University at the time of his death in 1899. The wife died a short time after the birth of this son, and the Bishop lived a widower until 1880, when he was married to Anna T. Jones, of Kingston, Ohio. Bishop Thoburn retired from active work in 1908 and lived in quietness and peace at Meadville, Pa., until his death, November 28, 1922. He lived a saintly life and died as he lived—a saint of God.

XI

A. B. SIMPSON

A. B. Simpson was one of God's history makers—a builder of an invisible empire. Like Müller, Hudson Taylor, and John Wesley, he tapped the artesian fountains of spiritual energies and injected his marvelous personality into the world, second to no man of his generation.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance is just what the name suggests: an organization within the Churches. Until recent years it had no separate body in all its works throughout all the country. It was a "wheel within a wheel," as it were; the devout of every denomination were banded together for prayer and missionary endeavor. They usually rented a hall in the larger cities, where they gathered, preached, and anointed for healing. From these scattered groups funds were collected for missions, the result of which is one of the marvels of missionary history.

However, their work has assumed a much larger sphere than formerly; for they now have pastors, churches, tabernacles, schools, hospitals, publishing houses, and a great constituency which tithes for the Lord, and the work they are doing for world evangelization puts to shame many of the well-organized denominations of America.

The man who inaugurated this movement was of sturdy Scotch stock, from the clans of "Bonnie Highlands," who were never conquered and bowed to no master except the King of kings. The Simpson family emigrated from Morayshire, Scotland, in 1774, settled in Prince Edward Island, and belonged to the old "governmenters" who signed the document of loyalty in their own blood. A. B. Simpson's father came to Canada in 1847 and settled in the primeval forests, where he carved out a home in the Ontario wilderness. A large family of children was reared in this home, and under the most rigid Puritan Scotch *régime.*

The father held religious services in the home, reading the Bible and other books far beyond their understanding. The mother was a gentle, poetic soul, who reveled in classic literature. Mr. Simpson dedicated his two sons to the Christian ministry, giving little thought to their personal salvation, owing to his predestinarian theology. Both sons prepared for college, but finances were such that there was not enough to keep both in school at the same time.

Many times A. B. Simpson's life was preserved in a miraculous manner, and this fact made a profound impression on his young mind, even before he could interpret spiritual truths. His conversion was brought about during a long and serious illness; each day he had a feeling that he was going to die, and this kept him in great agony of spirit, as he was without saving faith. At last the true light came to him, and when he recovered sufficiently he signed a covenant with the Lord, which was an earnest of the religious character then in the making—fidelity in the face of every obstacle.

This young man entered Knox College, at Toronto, in 1861, with a large class of ministerial students, many of whom became famous and near-famous. Early in his college career he tried for, and won, two or three scholarships and prizes which were of great help in his struggling effort to carry on his college course. He was ordained in the Church which became later the Canadian Presbyterian Church. While yet a student his preaching ability was recognized wherever he "filled a pulpit." He was graduated from Knox College in June, 1865, and was at once received on trial by the Ontario Synod and called to the Knox Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, where he very soon distinguished himself as one of the most brilliant young ministers of Canada. He proved not only to be a great gospel preacher, with unusual insight into the truths of God, but he was a tender pastor, keeping a careful oversight of his people by pastoral visitation. On the day following his ordination to his first pastorate he was married to Margaret Henry, of Toronto, a sweetheart of college days. They took a brief honeymoon down the St. Lawrence River and were given a warm welcome to the manse of Knox Church.

The Hamilton pastorate was a success in a large measure; during the nine years of his ministry, seven hundred and fifty new members were received into communion and a big debt on the church was liquidated. The Evangelical Alliance Conference met in New York in 1873, and A. B. Simpson was there as a delegate. During the conference he was invited to preach in the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church. In the audience were some delegates from the Chestnut Street Presbyterian Church of Louisville, Ky., then without a pastor. Shortly after this Mr. Simpson received an urgent call from this church, which was accepted, to take effect in the December following.

This pastorate in Louisville marked the turning point in his career. Chestnut Street was one of the most important charges in the Northern Presbyterian denomination and paid a princely salary of $5,000 a year. In former years A. B. Simpson had been a true exponent of all the conservative ideals of his denomination; but a new vision came to him shortly after assuming this charge. It was not long before the people of Louisville discovered that a real personality was in their midst. The city was on the borderland between the North and the South; even in one communion there remained bitter antagonisms and sectional strife. The pastor decided that there was one remedy, and that was a genuine revival; so he at once set about to organize for it. All the pastors were called together, and a campaign was inaugurated, with Major Whittle, then famous throughout the country, as the evangelist and P.

P. Bliss as the song leader. The whole city was awakened and brought under the influence of the great gospel preaching; especially was this true of the Chestnut Street Church. After the revival Mr. Simpson undertook a union Sunday night service, but in this he failed to get the coöperation of the other churches. He then decided to put this meeting on alone, and the Public Library Hall, which seated about two thousand people, was secured. This new departure of religious activities met with unusual success. It brought upon Mr. Simpson a lot of strong criticism, but the press of the city gave the movement full indorsement.

The next step in city evangelism was to build a big tabernacle, and Fourth and Broadway was selected. The building committee planned a much more expensive building than the pastor wanted, and a big debt was incurred. When the time for dedication arrived, Mr. Simpson refused to dedicate until the building was free of debt. The result of this disagreement was that the pastor resigned the pulpit and accepted the pastorate of Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church, New York City. However, about a year later, the official board wired him to come back to Louisville and dedicate the church, as it was free of debt. This great church was dedicated as "Warren Memorial," in honor of the man whose generous donation made it possible to remove the debt.

We cannot interpret the ministry of A. B. Simpson in Louisville, and the unprecedented attitude that he assumed, without a knowledge of the great spiritual crisis that came to him under the spirit-filled ministry of Major Whittle. Mr. Simpson became convicted for the "fullness of the blessing of Christ," and he sought until he received his Pentecost and was sanctified through faith in the provisions of the Atonement. His cultured people rejoiced in his evangelistic zeal for the unchurched, but would not follow him in the way "more perfectly," the way of holiness. Speaking of the Ebenezer stone of his life, he said: "Twenty-seven years ago I floundered in the waters of despondency and got out by believing in Jesus as my Saviour; twelve years ago I got into deep conviction and got out by believing in Jesus as my Sanctifier. After years of teaching and waiting on him, he showed me that it was his blessed will to be my complete Saviour, for my body as well as my soul." Those three crises gave to the world A. B. Simpson, internationally known leader in things of the kingdom.

The revelation of Jesus as healer came to Mr. Simpson after he had removed to New York, when his health completely gave way and the doctors told him that he could not possibly live more than a few months. The next great truth that came to him as an epoch maker—it had grown on him for some years—was that Jesus was not only a Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer, but the Coming King; that he will return bodily as the rightful ruler of this world. The gospel, therefore, that A. B. Simpson and his world-wide followers have preached is known as the "fourfold gospel." With supreme emphasis on these truths, they have conquered.

Mr. Simpson soon discovered the wide chasm that lay between him and the New York congregation; they could not appreciate his vision. At last a decision was reached, and A. B. Simpson, without manse, salary, or following—and with a large family to support—stepped down and out from one of the most lucrative pulpits in America—a pulpit that paid him a salary equivalent to ten or fifteen thousand dollars in these days. And this church was in the nation's greatest metropolis. His ministerial friends looked upon his move as utter folly and saw no possible chance of success. But he had heard the "Macedonian cry," not only from the unchurched masses in New York City, but from the "regions beyond." This daring step was taken in November, 1881.

Simpson and his associates opened the work in Caledonian

Hall, at Eighth Avenue and Thirteenth Street, with seven souls present. The number increased, and soon larger quarters had to be secured to accomodate the people interested; the Park Theater was rented for the Sunday evening crowds. From there they went to the Academy of Music, and finally to Madison Square Garden, for a great campaign with Dr. George F. Pentecost as the evangelist. In May, 1882, Simpson and his workers met in Grand Opera Hall, which was their headquarters for all activities for two years. Thus began the movement which is to-day so well known as the Christian and Missionary Alliance, with tabernacles and organizations in all the great cities in this country and in many neglected places in the Southern mountains. Not only are they doing a remarkable work in America; but they have kept on the foreign field an average of *three hundred missionaries,* preaching the fourfold gospel in sixteen foreign fields.

A Methodist bishop once said that "the premillennial doctrine of our Lord's return would cut the spinal cord of missions." The ministry of A. B. Simpson utterly refutes that statement. Until within the past decade the Christian and Missionary Alliance, through the faith of one man, who gave this doctrine preëminence, was doing mission work in more countries—twice the number—and with more missionaries than the whole Church to which this bishop belonged.

The movement started in Caledonian Hall in 1881, then shifted about to a dozen localities until in 1890 a permanent home was built at Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street. This plant has a large book room facing the Avenue, with a spacious Tabernacle in the rear, and with training school quarters and the Alliance Home facing Forty-fourth Street. This Tabernacle is one of the greatest evangelical centers of the city, and leading men of this and other nations are called to its pulpit.

Nearly a score of missions, doing a variety of service, have been established in New York and Brooklyn, caring for the dark corners of sin and degradation with a message of hope. The Alliance has a fine training school at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, some twenty miles north of the city, beautifully located, looking down on the majestic river.

A. B. Simpson began early in his ministry the gospel of the printed page, and in addition to about twenty-five soul-stirring books from his pen he published various periodicals, and to-day his followers have a well-equipped publishing house, where every character of spiritual literature is given to their people. The central organ is the *Alliance Weekly,* a strongly edited religious journal that gives always the latest and most timely news from the home and foreign fields. A. B. Simpson was a great prophet; the mysteries of God were revealed to him. He was a man of prayer and an indefatigable worker. He passed to his eternal reward on October 29, 1919—a fallen prince who had power with God and man and prevailed.

XII

FRANCES E. WILLARD

When the United States Congress more than a decade ago proposed to the Legislatures of the several States two new amendments to our Constitution, statesmen and political economists gave out statements concerning the causes that led up to such a radical departure—viz., "Votes for Women" and "The Volstead Act"—which meant, first, the enfranchisement of women, equally with men; and second, the elimination of the liquor traffic as a lawful business. We shall not discuss the merits of either, but will examine the personality of one human factor in putting those two amendments into our Constitution. It was a voice rising above the ridicule and criticism, mouthed out by the plutocrats and henchmen of a rum-prostituted nation, and often by a subsidized press; it was a voice as clear and musical as a flute note and as penetrating as the oratory or Gladstone or Bryan; a voice sanctified by the purest and holiest impluses—the voice of Frances E. Willard, than whom the centuries have produced no superior.

The nineteenth century produced a galaxy of famous women. Space forbids more than brief mention of the unusual service of Elizabeth Fry, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Julia Ward Howe, Mary Lyons, Florence Nightingale, Jane Addams, Clara Barton, and others great and near-great. But the purpose of these biographical studies is not to laud great characters as such; it is to study only those who have held up the simple evangelical faith as believed by the saints of all ages. Therefore, in addition to her matchless career as a peerless advocate of reform, Frances Willard was also a true Apostle of Faith. Wherever she went, and under whatever circumstances she appeared, Frances E. Willard rang true to the dominant, unswerving loyalty and adherence to the Christ who pardoned her soul from sin, after she sought him at a Methodist altar of prayer for over a week. The conversion of Miss Willard was a genuine factor in her life.

She was born of fine old English stock at Churchville, N. Y., September 28, 1839. When she was but a child, the family moved to Ohio and settled near Oberlin. When Frances was about seven years of age the family moved again, this time to the wild forests near Janesville, Wis. Here the Willard children grew up with scarcely any uplifting environment except the beauties and solitude of the forest. The parents were devout Methodists of the old school; the children were taught the sanctity of the Sabbath. Once when Frances was first learning to use her slate and pencil, drawing crude pictures, she wanted them on Sunday afternoon. Her mother refused to grant her this innocent plaything, wherefore the child said: "Mayn't I have it, mother, if I'll draw nothing but meeting houses?"

There in the great open country she lived on the farm until her early teens and with no social life except the companionship of congenial brothers and sisters. Early in life she was taught the horrors of the rum traffc. Here is a bit of poetry the Willard children composed:

"To quench our thirst, we'll always bring
Cold water from the well or spring;
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that will intoxicate."

When Maine voted dry, it gave some encouragement to the temperance forces throughout the nation. Mr. Willard said to his family one day: "Will our poor old rum-soaked Wisconsin ever go dry?" "Yes, Josia," Mrs. Willard replied, "when the women have the right to vote." Thus we can see how the foundation was being laid in the heart of the future White Ribbon reformer.

Frances E. Willard received her preparatory training in a select school at Janesville, Wis. At the age of eighteen she entered Northwestern Female College, Evanston, Ill. From this institution she graduated with honors in 1858 and delivered the valedictory oration. Besides these honors, she was the editor of the college paper during the last years at the school. Shortly after her graduation, she was stricken with typhoid fever and lingered for weeks on the borderland of eternity. Between her periods of delirium she promised God that if she recovered her first act would be to give her heart and life to him. This promise she faithfully kept, as we have before mentioned.

Miss Willard was a born leader, with high and noble ideals, as the following incident will illustrate. While in young womanhood, the story is told, she and a brilliant young pastor, who afterwards became a Methodist bishop, became engaged to marry. The pastor thought to test her devotion by telling her that he felt a call to the mission field. To this she gave her full consent, and when he told her why he had put the test upon her she resented it with scorn, saying that such things were too sacred to trifle with, and broke her engagement, which surely was in the providence of God. Otherwise she would have been the wife of a Methodist bishop instead of a world-renowned character.

She returned to her Wisconsin home and taught several terms of school among the rough inhabitants of the country. She finally secured a position as teacher in the Pittsburgh Female College. While employed as teacher at Pittsburgh, she was granted a leave of absence and toured the world with Miss Jackson, a colleague. This gave her a new conception of the world's misery and degradation. She found in almost every country that womanhood meant only a chattel, to be used as a convenience, or the equivalent of slavery. Miss Willard resolved, because of woman's plight, to dedicate her life to her sisters' emancipation.

In the year 1871 she was chosen Dean of the Northwestern Woman's College, Evanston, Ill., and this position she held for three years. It was then that she entered the work of State Lecturer for the Ohio W. C. T. U. It was while in this position that her marvelous gifts of public speaking became nationally known. She put on a fifty-day speaking campaign, and within a few months two hundred and fifty towns and villages voted dry. She was then offered the presidency of the Chicago W. C. T. U. Then she was president of the Illinois State Union. In 1879 Frances E. Willard was chosen president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Then she said, "I became a stranger and a wanderer in the earth." Her annual tour in the country averaged thirty thousand miles. Miss Willard soon became recognized as one of the world's most brilliant and magnetic women. The prejudice and preconceived criticisms always gave way to an ovation, wherever her voice rang its musical and thrilling message before her charmed audiences.

In 1883 she was unanimously chosen president of the World's W. C. T. U. This position gave her the opportunity of being heard throughout Christendom, and she was able to sustain herself with honor before royalty and crowned heads. She became an intimate friend of Lady Henry Somerset, who was the leader of temperance reform in England.

One of the most spectacular events in the life of Miss Willard was when she appeared before the National Republican Convention at Chicago and was allowed ten minutes to speak before the Platform Committee, at which time she pleaded with them to put in a temperance plank. She also addressed the Convention, presenting the Polyglot Petition bearing over two million signatures, gathered from fifty nations and languages.

The Convention showed her great courtesy, but rejected her proposition. The Platform Committee took her petition, which was beautifully written, and threw it on the floor, desecrating it with ambered saliva from their foul mouths. This relic of rum rule in politics was rescued from that Committee Room, and is framed—amber and all—and hangs yet in the National Headquarters of the W. C. T. U. in Chicago.

Frances E. Willard literally burned out her life in service for the purity of her country and its homes. The beautiful "White Ribbon" belted the earth. She lived almost in poverty, receiving scarcely enough to feed and clothe herself. Only on rare occasions was she allowed a little respite from her continuous labors, at "Rest Cottage," Evanston, Ill., which she called home. Frances E. Willard died February 2, 1898—the "uncrowned queen" of the nineteenth century, and one of the most honored and loved among her world sisterhood.

XIII

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE

One of the most spectacular figures on the American platform and pulpit for over twenty-five years was the Brooklyn Tabernacle preacher—Thomas DeWitt Talmage. As a man who pushed into the limelight, and whose name was literally known in every highway and byway in the land, he has never been surpassed. The great Henry Ward Beecher, than whom our country has produced no superior as a mighty pulpit orator, did not approach Talmage as a nationally advertised preacher. This was not because of his superior use of English as a picturesque word-painter; it was not because of his tremendous voice, guttural and roaring, as he raged up and down the pulpit or platform, with gestures so ungraceful that they were almost a charm of gracefulness; nor was it his consuming earnestness, which no one who heard him could doubt for a moment—it was something else, or all combined with something else. It was the name "T. DeWitt Talmage," more familiar in secular and religious literature than "Castoria" or "Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound," for he was the biggest advertised man in the world.

But his long, conspicuous prominence was not predicated alone of newspaper advertisement; there was a man extraordinary backing up these advanced agencies—and their name was legion. Talmage had a message—a big burning message—which he succeeded in "putting across," using the modern vernacular of the street. Let us observe this fact while studying the man's publicity: there were three thousand secular periodicals—dailies, weeklies, and monthlies—carrying the messages and sermons of Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage. And this went on for more than twenty-five years. As a syndicate proposition, he was in the lead, and far in the lead. The substantial feature of it was, that those messages were anything but trashy stuff, just to make copy; they were powerful appeals for the highest ideals and terrific denunciations of social and political evils.

His arraignment of what was then known as "The Four Hundred" was the last word on the subject. And he seemed always to speak from first-hand knowledge; he knew his ground, whether it was the castigation of some social function high-up, or tearing the mask from the plutocracy of the Stock Exchange. Nothing escaped him. When the multitudes flocked to his great Tabernacle Sunday after Sunday, they were not served with commonplace, insipid pabulum, but always with something virile and courageous.

No little criticism circulated about concerning the sincerity of the man. They said he was a "four-flusher" religiously, and played to the galleries, flourishing his gospel scalpel, not because of his righteous indignation against them, but because of its appeal to the crowd. It was mob psychology put into practical use for gain. We heard of him as an avaricious money lover; that he was a Shylock after his pound of flesh, when money was involved. We once heard this story: Dr. Talmage was secured to lecture for the benefit of a struggling church and was promised $500 for the engagement. The night was stormy, and the box office failed to reach this amount. When asked by the committee if he were willing to take what they had, he replied, "I am not responsible for the small crowd; I cannot change my contract." The church folks had to borrow the deficit. Such a story is a serious indictment against a preacher of the gospel, and we hope the reported occurrence never took place.

It was reported that when he made his world tour, with a contract for large renumeration for a weekly letter telling of his travels, the manuscripts were prepared, delivered, and paid for before the good doctor sailed from New York Harbor. We are not in a position to affirm or deny these allegations; we are trying to write a brief biography and tell the story of his life as it can be gathered from records and memory. Of them all, we prefer to give him the benefit of the doubt. We do know, however, that it is the same old law of cause and effect in operation, "Clubs under fruit-bearing trees." The little competitor—the mediocre—must always explain how it was done and produce an alibi for his own failure and his inability to get big results.

O yes, Dr. Talmage was criticized; but it did not destroy his popularity with the great constituency he continued to serve. Perhaps he made a fortune; but if he did, it was done by extolling the highest religious ideals and moral standards. There were no flaws in his books and sermons; the needle always pointed to the pole. Dr. Talmage stood for the authenticity of the Bible, for the Deity of Jesus Christ, the certainty of a judgment day, followed by heaven and hell, as the weal or woe awaiting the earth's teeming millions.

Thomas DeWitt Talmage was born at Bound Brook, N. J., January 7, 1832. There is not much available information concerning his people; we learn that his early education was about the same as that of any other child of well-to-do parents. His higher education began at the University of New York City, but he left this institution in 1853 without graduating. He next entered the New Brunswick Seminary, from which school he did graduate in 1856. Shortly after this, he was elected to orders, ordained a minister in the Dutch Reformed Church at Belleview, N. J., and was called to his first pastorate at Syracuse, N. Y., where he served as minister from 1859 to 1862. At a very early period in his ministry his pulpit powers became widely recognized, and because of this he was called to a larger field in Philadelphia.

The War between the States was at full blast at this time, whereupon he gave up his work as pastor and entered the Union Army as chaplain, serving, at different times, a Pennsylvania and a New York regiment.

In 1869 his real career began, when he was called to the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y. When he had served there just one year, it was evident that the building was inadequate to accomodate the crowds that waited upon his ministry. Plans were at once set in motion to construct a big semicircular building made of wood with a steel frame; this building had a seating capacity of thirty-four hundred. One year later the church was enlarged to accommodate over five hundred more. This institution became known as "The Brooklyn Tabernacle" and was America's biggest religious forum. The name of T. DeWitt Talmage was broadcast, as it were, nation-wide and world-wide.

A strange fatality seemed to follow this great aggregation of worshipers. Only about one year after the first new circular building was erected, it was reduced to ashes on December 22, 1872, but a new structure sprang up like magic and was the largest Protestant church building and congregation in America. Two years later, this magnificent structure was also burned, the fire occurring on Sunday morning, May 13, 1874, just as the throngs were beginning to gather for the service. The congregation, undaunted by these calamities, set about to erect the third tabernacle, and it was larger and more commodious than the last one.

In some way those big fires, coming so near together, and the press comments at the time, added to the notoriety and popularity of Dr. Talmage, although some were unkind enough to hint at things sinister touching those destructive conflagrations. About that time the largest syndicate company in America used his sermons and addresses weekly—not only in America, but in Europe—at the same time placing translations of these sermons for papers of other languages and foreign lands. The compass of Talmage's influence cannot be computed, for his messages touched more firesides, perhaps, than those of any other minister that ever lived since the day of the apostles. The small weekly papers in country towns carried Dr. Talmage's sermons, and people who saw no other literature got them.

It has been said that Dr. Talmage retained expert librarians who gathered for him detailed data and scientific treatment of any particular subject he wished to know about. This ingenious method of gathering information impressed his millions of readers with the idea that his knowledge was unlimited. If in his message he wished to use the bee, the ant, or a wasp as an illustration, he set forth facts concerning them that seemed nothing less than astounding. The professor of zoölogy could not have surpassed him. If he had occasion to touch on the subject of *materia medica,* he would give an array of facts concerning the nature, formulas, and effect of curative agents upon the human body that would do credit to a medical college lecturer. T. DeWitt Talmage was not an original scholar; but he could assemble more data than any other speaker or writer living. The genius of the man was revealed in the fact that he could so assimilate the facts dug up by others and run them through his intellectual gristmill in such a manner as to come forth stamped with the insignia of "T. DeWitt Talmage."

In connection with the Brooklyn Tabernacle he established what was known as a "Lay College" for Christian workers—a training school for religious and social service workers. Once a week, in addition to his regular Sunday services, he lectured to the general public on themes which were at the time attracting the interest of the community. Every Sunday the great Tabernacle was thronged with people—rain or shine, cold or hot, they came. Just what C. H. Spurgeon was to London, Dr. Talmage was to New York City and Brooklyn.

Honors were bestowed upon him by many institutions. The New York University, from which he failed to graduate, gave him the degree of M.A., as early as 1862. The University of Tennessee conferred upon him the degree of D.D. in 1874. In addition to his syndicate sermons, Dr. Talmage contributed to many religious journals and magazines; he lectured all over America as a head-liner on the Chautauqua platform. During the seventies he edited the *Christian at Work* for two years, 1876-78 he edited *The Advance,* of Chicago, and for ten years he was at the head of the editorial staff of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.* He was also connected with the *Christian Herald* for many years. Besides all his preaching, lecturing, and editorial labors, he published a number of books, which were widely read. We mention some of them: "Crumbs Swept Up," "Abomination of Modern Society," "Old Wells Dug Out," "Sports That Kill," "Everyday Religion," "The Mask Torn Off," "Evils of the Cities," "The Pathway of Life," "From the Manger to the Throne," "The Earth Girdled," and "Trumpet Blasts." He also published a volume of sermons entitled "The Brooklyn Tabernacle." Truly T. DeWitt Talmage was a beacon light which shone with superbrilliancy around the world.

XIV

ALEXANDER McLAREN

SCOTLAND has produced more than her quota of great preachers. There is something in the blood and brawn of that sturdy race of clansmen that puts into manhood the strongest fiber of character. We cannot appreciate the Scotchman until we get a long perspective of his country. We must know the acid tests of her bloody battle fields; we must get a close-up of her Bruces and her Wallaces—her Covenanters who signed the pact of fidelity in their own blood. These are the settings which give color to her people.

Then, when we learn of the heroism of Christian character and courage that was displayed by such men as John Knox and his successors in the realm of truth and sacrifice, we can expect—as the law of cause and effect operates in the bloodstreams of men as well as in the physical world about us—the long line of preachers who bear the stamp of which martyrs are made.

We shall now give a brief setting to the picture we are attempting to draw of one of "Bonnie Scotland's" ten-talented men. David McLaren, the father of the subject of this sketch, was born in 1785. In infancy he was dedicated by his parents to the ministry of the Scotch Church. He was a most promising lad and early in life prepared for and entered Glasgow College, now the University of Scotland. While in college he came in contact with an evangelistic movement which swept over Scotland at that time. It was full of fervor and zeal and so touched his heart that it forever destroyed the aims of young McLaren touching the dignified parish pastorate which had been his aim.

The parents were greatly troubled, and actually made a visit to Glasgow in an effort to convince their son of the error of his way, but failed. David McLaren left school and entered business, but continued his religious labors. He joined the Congregational Church, whose pastor was Dr. Wardlaw. David McLaren was afterwards chosen pastor of the dissenting group, growing out of a controversy on infant baptism. This will explain why Alexander McLaren was a Baptist preacher, after a long line ancestry of orthodox Scotchmen. His father, David McLaren, became a lay pastor, never giving up his business or his gospel ministry. Alexander was the youngest child of this family and was born at Glasgow on February 11, 1826.

The boyhood of Alexander McLaren had little in it out of the ordinary, and not until the long struggle with sin and doubt did his life take on color for a sphere of usefulness. However, he came at last into the assurance of salvation. "Since that day," he writes, "I have found that peace ever increasing, and I have, in reading the Bible and in prayer, a joy and peace that I never knew before."

On May 17, 1840, Alexander McLaren was baptized in Hope Street Baptist Church, Glasgow, by Rev. James Patterson, the pastor. Speaking of his call to the ministry, he says: "I cannot recall ever having any hestitation about being a minister. It seems to me that it must have been taken for granted by my parents and myself—just had to be." In childhood and youth he breathed the atmosphere of true religion and piety. His home training taught him one big lesson, and from it he never swerved, that "man's chief duty is to glorify God."

Alexander McLaren entered the University of Glasgow; but, owing to the removal of his people to London, he never finished his studies there. Cambridge and Oxford were then closed to Nonconformists; but, by passing the examination, he was admitted to the Baptist College of Stepney, which was finally incorporated into the University of London and is now known as Regents Park College. He was considered too young for the ministry; but he appeared before the committee and passed such an approved examination that he was granted license, notwithstanding his very youthful appearances. Very little is known of his record in college, except from letters which he wrote to his cousins, telling them of his examinations and prizes won for scholarship as well as honors before the theological tutors.

In 1845 there was in Southampton a struggling church that had been organized but a few years, and two pastors had already resigned because of the difficulties of the field. On November 14 of that year Alexander McLaren, not yet twenty years of age, was sent there by the college authorities to preach. He was invited to preach for three months following his visit first; so this was the beginning of his remarkable career. Writing about the venture at the time, he says, "If the worst comes to the worst, I shall at all events not have the regrets of killing a flourishing plant, but shall only have assisted in the funeral of a withered one."

He remained in that pastorate more than a dozen years and built up a strong congregation. During his pastorate at Southampton he was happily married. Here we must write something a bit strange: his wife was Marion McLaren—his cousin who had been his sweetheart since childhood when they played together in the nursery. He was married by the Rev. James Russell (the husband of his wife's sister), under whose ministry he was converted. The ceremony was performed at the home of the minister in Edinburgh, on George's Square, a place made classic by the fact that Sir Walter Scott spent his boyhood there.

In 1859 Dr. McLaren went to Manchester as pastor of Union Chapel, Oxford Road. This arrangement was significant, as the only stipulations of the deed were that the pastor must be a Baptist and baptism must be by immersion. A contemporary of his has this to say of him as a preacher: "Dr. McLaren cannot be described as a preacher. We may speak of the spare figure quivering with life and feeling; the firm-set mouth, the unmistakable sign of a tremendous will; of his eyes that pierce and shine and seem to compass everything in their quick lightning glances; of the strange, magnetic voice—but in vain. We may describe his preaching as logic on fire, or that his words thrill like electricity." He was known the world over as "Dr. McLaren of Manchester."

It was soon evident that Union Chapel must be replaced by a much larger building, and this was built and dedicated in 1869. In 1879 he was chosen president of the Baptist Union of England, and his services were in demand in every part of Christendom. In 1877 the University conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D., and in 1907 the University of Glasgow did likewise. He traveled extensively on the Continent, in America, and in Australia.

During all these years his pen was busy; religious journals and publishing houses everywhere eagerly sought the messages from his versatile mind. He was modest in the extreme, and throughout life shrank from the limelight of publicity. He did not seek, but rather shunned, honors, holding that the work of a minister was to efface himself and exalt his message.

From the compilation of his sermonic literature the Church has been enriched by seventeen large volumes of commentaries, sermons, and homiletical material. It was said of him, "For years he held so high a place, exercised so wide an influence, and passed so completely into the thinking life of his day, that it is hard to estimate his power in the world." At the time of his death the *London Times* had this to say of him: "If some reverent hand should compile the testimonies to his influence, which might be gathered from every part of the world, a book would be produced of abiding spiritual value."

Dr. McLaren was a man's man; he destested the professionalism of the clergy. "In his dress he sought to escape notice. Clerical dress he never wore, for he did not think of a minister as a class apart from other men. In his early days at Southampton he scandalized some of the older ministers by his total disregard for established rules."

In 1886 Dr. McLaren secured a summer house at Carr Bridge, in the Highlands, and it was here that he spent his last months. He came to the sunset in great peace on May 10, 1910. His body lay in state in Union Chapel, where he held such a conspicuous position for so many years. His family, knowing his wishes, had the body cremated, and the ashes were taken to the Brooklyn Cemetery, where his wife and daughter were buried. He had a cross placed there many years before, on which were these words: *"In Christo, in Pace, in Spe"* (In Christ, in Peace, in Hope).

XV

RUSSELL H. CONWELL

Among America's great men, on a close examination made of things accomplished for the good of humanity and the cause of Jesus Christ, there is no name deserving a higher place than that of Russell H. Conwell. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis places him in a list of the world's foremost One Hundred Men, not selected from this generation, but from all history. We know no man more competent to make such selection. Dr. Conwell was also selected by a committee, appointed by the governor, as one of the greatest men in the State of Pennsylvania, deserving to be especially honored by the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

In 1913 a committee, of which John Wanamaker was the chairman and the Governors of nine States were members, selected him as "Philadelphia's foremost citizen." The occasion was an ovation for the man. "Seldom is a man so highly honored in life," declares a Philadelphia paper. The district attorney, acting for the Governor of the State, presented him with a golden key, placed in a box made of cedar of Lebanon—the key engraved with words which granted him the "Liberty of the State."

In 1923 the Philadelphia Award, founded by Edward K. Bok, was conferred upon him. It was a gift of $10,000 and a beautiful medal upon which was inscribed the services he had rendered the city and the Commonwealth. He was one of the few men who, before death, reaped the golden harvest of a grateful citizenship, rewarding him for over fifty years of incessant toil for others. It was said that Dr. Conwell was the only multi-millionaire who had no bank account. The proceeds of one lecture—"Acres of Diamonds," which he delivered over six thousand times, all over the world—would, if invested at legal interest, have netted him over $8,000,000. But every penny received from the lecture platform of over fifty years was given to poor boys to assist them in their education. What did this mean? It meant that he, personally, assisted in this manner about ten thousand worthy young men!

This is not all; a leading educator had this to say about "Acres of Diamonds": "So many villages have become cities in consequence of your lectures; so many individuals and societies started to do something for their town; so many manufacturing enterprises were begun by your hearers; so many rivers harnessed and banks started; so many schools and colleges opened; so many churches founded and others built; so many young men and women started into study; so many discouraged men began again; so many found wealth in their 'back yards'; so many books written; so many charitable institutions begun; so many orators sent on the platform; so many of our best teachers sent into schools; so many reforms made triumphant; indeed, so much good done by that lecture, that I stand amazed at the accumulation."

The motive had its origin in his own struggles with poverty, trying to educate himself at Wilbraham Academy and Yale College. He tells about it in a conversation with a friend, while in a reminiscent mood: "I had been visiting the scenes of my college days at Yale. I stood in the room where I lived in such poverty. As I went through the dining room and kitchen of the house, where, in the old days, I had to be up at four-thirty in the morning to help make everything ready; as I went through the college halls and classrooms where I had shunned my classmates because of my shabby, ragged clothes, I thought of those hard, bitter days of work and poverty; of the long exhausting hours I was compelled to spend working and struggling; of my humiliation and keen suffering of mind and spirit at my appearance and need, compared with the rich boys about me."

It was those hard, bitter trials that inspired him to devote his life to helping others to better their equipment for the inevitable struggle of poverty. Dr. Conwell's theory was that with many the major cause of poverty grew out of their inability to better themselves, due to ignorance.

Russell H. Conwell was born February 15, 1843, near South Worthington, Mass., of the best Anglo-Saxon stock, as Martin Conwell, his father, had an ancestry dating back to William the Conqueror. There was a blending of the temperamental South with the less demonstrative New Englanders, as his mother, Miranda Wickham, came from central New York. Martin was a poor Massachusetts farmer, as he bought a farm of a few hundred acres for $1,200, and it took him exactly twelve years of hard work and rigid economy to "pay off the mortgage."

The Conwell home was devout, and the three children breathed the atmosphere of early Methodism. While Martin Conwell was poor, he was a man of culture and influence, and it is doubtful if any lad was ever so fortunate in coming in contact with so many of the nation's leading men. William Cullen Bryant was a neighbor, and John Brown—the man who did more to bring the national situation to a crisis than perhaps any one else—was a friend and a visitor in their home.

On the day that John Brown was hanged the Conwell home remained in silent prayer during the hour between eleven and twelve (the time of the execution), and the church bell tolled the whole hour. Brown was known and loved throughout New England, even though few agreed with his extreme views. Frederick Douglass—the greatest man of the negro race (he was almost white)—was a visitor at Martin Conwell's humble home. Later in life Russell H. Conwell made friendly acquaintance with Whittier, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd

Garrison, and other distinguished men. Though poor and struggling, fortune favored this boy, destined to such an unusual career, by making it possible for him to get inspiration from personal contact with the nation's greatest characters in literature and government.

Russell began his public speaking by selling the life of John Brown; his method was unique. He would visit the schools and deliver his speech on the "Great Martyr," and then the community would be already "canvassed" by the time he called at the homes. His next public service was when, a lad of nineteen, he attracted wide attention by speaking to arouse volunteers for the army. He organized a company and, because of his success and leadership, was commissioned captain, when not yet twenty years old. When Russell H. Conwell was mustered out at the close of the war he held the commission of Lieutenant Colonel.

Russell and his brother attended Wilbraham Academy and then entered Yale, where the hardships were more severe than they had ever known before. In a bare, almost unfurnished room they ate the "left-overs," which were given to Russell for helping the cook in the dormitory. Life was hard, and when the boy thought of the Christian devotion of his overworked parents the whole problem of life became saturated with the spirit of atheism, and Russell H. Conwell became a member of the Infidel Club of Yale. When he informed his pious father about the change of belief, he said: "Son, I would rather see you in your coffin, or live in ignorance, than for you to forsake the God of your father and mother."

Young Conwell entered the war an avowed infidel—the by-products of his studies at Yale. His conversion was brought about by a most unusual turn of Providence. In his company was a neighbor boy, John Ring, who attended him as orderly. This Christian lad wanted to read his Bible in the tent, but Captain Conwell would not allow him to do it. When Conwell returned home for the second enlistment, the people presented him with a gold-mounted sword. Near New Bern, N. C., Pickett's brigade surprised and drove the Union Army across the river; as they crossed they set the bridge on fire. John Ring knew that his Captain's sword had been left in the tent, and he ran back through the Confederate lines, got the sword, and started across the burning bridge. The Confederate officer ran to the front, waved a white flag and the firing stopped. He shouted: "Tell that boy to jump in the river and we will save him." But John did not hear; his clothing was all ablaze. He fell exhausted; they rolled him in the water, but it was too late. He died in a hospital at Beaufort, begging for the Captain. His dying words were: "I wanted to give him his sword, and then he'll know how I loved him."

The pathos of that lad's sacrifice never left Captain Conwell; six months later he was left for dead at Kennesaw Mountain, but was rescued, and when he came to himself in the hospital he said: "I am going to die and meet John Ring and his Master, whom I have scorned." He cried to God day and night for mercy, until the peace of salvation entered his soul. He was never able to return to service. That sword was the means in God's hand of saving this great man. He kept that sword hanging over his bed, and it was a daily reminder, as he knelt in prayer: "O Lord, help me to do my work and the work of my dear heroic soldier boy also." He felt that he must do the work of two men. When Dr. Conwell was buried, this sword was placed in his hand, and as it was a guiding star in life, so he now holds it in death.

When Colonel Conwell was regaining his health, he entered the law office of Judge Shurtliff at Springfield, Mass., and surprised all the local bar by quoting from memory all of Blackstone—a feat unknown in the legal profession. He then entered the Law School at Albany, N. Y., and as soon as he finished, and was admitted to the bar, he was married to a beautiful girl—Miss Jennie Heyden—whom he had known for many years. With just enough money to pay his fare—leaving his wife behind—he went to Minneapolis, Minn., where he worked in gardens, chopped wood, and helped in the kitchen for his board, until he had secured a position and could send for his wife.

His first good job was with the *St. Paul Press* as reporter from Minneapolis, and it was not long until he had secured backing and established the *Minneapolis Chronicle,* which is to-day the *Tribune.* As lawyer, editor, and real estate dealer, his career was most promising in that bustling young city. In addition to his work, he lectured, worked in Sunday schools, and for the Y. M. C. A., which was then just beginning.

In 1868 his house caught on fire while he was away at a G. A. R. meeting. He ran almost a mile through a temperature thirty below zero. He fell ill, bleeding at the lungs. The outlook was dark; his friends secured for him a commission as Immigrant Agent to Germany, thinking the change would cure him. On reaching Germany his health continued to fail; he gave up the commission and joined some surveyors traveling in the Holy Land. He was unable to continue with them, returned to New York, and underwent a most serious operation, the surgeon removing from his lungs a brass bullet, which had worked down from his shoulder. At last he found health, after fighting hard for over a year—hoping against hope. His indomitable will saved him.

He secured a position on the staff of the *Boston Traveler* at $15 a week. He also opened a law office, sold real estate, and wrote articles which began to attract wide attention. He and his wife settled in Somerville, near Boston, and life began to throb with activity. While traveling into the city and back, he gained a working knowledge of five languages—"buying up the time." His work on the lecture platform at once claimed much of his time. The *Traveler* sent him to write up the battle fields of the Civil War, and so interesting and popular were they that the big New York papers sought his contributions.

He was next sent on a world tour for the *Traveler* and the *New York Tribune.* On this journey he personally interviewed all the European celebrities, such as Gladstone, Tennyson, Bismarck, and the Emperor of Germany. He also called upon the Sultan of Turkey and the rulers of China and Japan. When he returned home, he published his first book on the Chinese question.

The life of Russell H. Conwell now began to widen; he established the *Somerville Journal,* practiced law in Boston, sold real estate, and lectured throughout the country. He organized the Boys' Congress, an interdenominational society which brought him much favorable notoriety. In 1872 his wife died; she had been his cheer and inspiration. This great sorrow turned the current of his life into new channels. He felt the pressure of religious work more and more; finally he closed his law office, resigned from all other activities, and offered himself to a struggling Baptist Church at Lexington. He at once introduced new and revolutionary methods, and they worked. Soon the house was filled and all financial burdens removed. The old historic town was aroused, its many historical features were made known, and tourists attracted. The membership grew, and it became a wide-awake congregation.

He was then called to Philadelphia as pastor of Grace Baptist Church. At first they worshiped in a tent, with no enthusiasm and little prospects. But new methods and procedure soon drew capacity crowds. Dr. Conwell was criticized by his brethren. It was the same old story: the man who gets above the crowd, does something, and gets into the limelight is sure to suffer. However, from almost nothing Dr. Conwell built up one of the largest Protestant churches in America. The great Temple Baptist Church was opened in May, 1891, has a seating capacity of about four thousand, and is a veritable beehive of religious and humanitarian activities: bureaus for the unemployed; night schools for boys and girls; caring for the sick and underprivileged children.

Dr. Conwell had a lecture—"Perils of Democracy"—out of which grew one of the greatest institutions in the land—Temple University. Dr. Conwell's "Perils" are that we are developing an intellectual aristocracy: our schools and colleges are being removed, by high standards and heavy expenses, from all except the rich. The boys and girls who need them most cannot reach the advantages. Few ever can get beyond the high schools. Dr. Conwell established a university where all ages and all classes, day and night, can enter and be given standard training in grades suited to them; it was based on educational democracy—equal privileges for all—with or without money. Young men and women laboring by day are prepared for the professions—dentistry, medicine, or law. Girls may become trained for nurses, as the Good Samaritan Hospital is the next adjunct to Temple Church.

The vision was carried further in that an adjunct to the university was to be placed in every part of the city—a university at every man's door. Did this work? During the life of Dr. Conwell *one hundred thousand people of all classes* passed through Temple University, and many of them, from homes of poverty, achieved brilliant success.

Marvelous life! Fifty years on the lecture platform; the pastor of a church with thousands of members. He personally baptized *over six thousand candidates.* Ten thousand young men helped to secure an education; one hundred thousand people trained in a university who otherwise would never have seen inside college walls; three great hospitals were founded in connection with the church: The Good Samaritan, The Garretson, and The Greatheart. All these institutions—and they were the best—were within the reach of the poorest man or woman.

Truly, multiplied millions of dollars passed through Dr. Conwell's hands; but he kept only a living out of such vast resources—"a penniless millionaire"; but he left a legacy beyond computation. He wrote scores of books—the biographies of six presidents, and also of Spurgeon and Wanamaker. He also wrote some fifteen books on literary and inspirational themes. Besides his two standard lectures, "Acres of Diamonds" and "Perils of Democracy," he had a dozen other great Chautauqua lectures.

Russell H. Conwell died December 6, 1925, at the age of eighty-two, and truly he did the work of himself and his soldier boy hero—John Ring.

XVI

AMANDA SMITH

The miracles of God's power and grace were not withdrawn when the early Church organization was finished; that the work of Christ was to be carried on, there can be no doubt, if we believe the New Testament. A physical miracle is regarded as a much greater feat than a miracle of spirit; such is not true. If Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever, then we have only to study his power and ministry while here on earth to know what he can do now. To open blinded eyes—eyes that had never known the light of day—was a miracle requiring supernatural creative power; only the Omnipotent God could do it; but this manifestation is no more a miracle than the transformation of a blinded, sinful soul into holy intelligence. As spirit is greater than matter, so we believe that miracles in the spirit realm are greater than in the physical.

We are going to undertake a brief introduction to a character that has passed to her reward which, when all things are considered, will reaffirm the truth, now almost obsolete, that the power of Jesus Christ is to-day the same as it was when he walked upon the shores of Galilee. Amanda Smith, Bud Robinson, Jerry McAuley, "Madge of Picadilly Street"—all of them were miracles. But we want to tell the story of Amanda Smith, the slave girl. God had some great ministers and missionaries during the nineteenth century, but we believe that on no one did he pour out a greater measure of power than upon this black woman.

Here is a little glimpse into her cabin home. Her father worked all day for his master, and nearly all night, in order to earn money with which to buy his freedom. Amanda's mother and grandfather were both devout; though ignorant slaves, they had great faith in God. They both prayed for the salvation of their mistress—"Miss Celia," as they called her. Their faith was rewarded, but shortly afterwards she was stricken with a disease from which she never recovered. On her dying bed she begged for the freedom of "Nancy and the children," which was granted, Amanda being one of the children. After securing their freedom, the family moved to Pennsylvania. Until her father died, Amanda was active helping runaway slaves to hide and giving them food and protection. This will give the reader a little perspective; but it can in no way explain the marvelous career of Amanda Smith.

She was born at Long Green, Md., in 1837, many years before the emancipation of her people. As soon as she was old enough she worked in the homes of white families as a helper to feed and clothe the family. When very young, not more than fifteen, she was married to a trifling negro boy named Devine. In a short time she was left a widow with a child to support, in addition to her other responsibilities. During her early years, before her first marriage, she spent three months in school.

The experiences of her childhood slavery, her unhappy marriage, and the wrong she felt concerning the slavery of her people hardened the heart of this poor black girl. But the religious influences of her godly mother and grandmother could not easily be thrown off. Camp meetings were held by her people, and the Methodist Church gave religious succor to the colored people who came above the Mason and Dixon Line. Amanda's conviction for salvation, struggling with doubts and rebellion, was a long-drawn-out process, but she was finally converted.

She tells the story of her conversion, which is unique. She had no faith in her own prayers; and, knowing no one in whom she had confidence and as she was separated from her mother, she felt that the praying had to be done by some one who had not sinned. She could think of no one, and she tells how she sought help in her desperation. "I knew," she said, "that the sun had never sinned, and had always obeyed God, and I said, 'O sun, ask God to save my soul.' I knew the moon had never sinned, and I said, 'O moon, pray for me.' I knew the stars had never disobeyed God, and I begged them to pray for me; then at last, I knew the winds had never sinned, and I begged them to help me." This will give some idea of the childish ignorance of Amanda.

Before the light came to her soul, she was married to James Smith, a local preacher of the African Methodist Church. This, she thought, would be a great help to her, as he promised her that he would join the Conference and be an itinerant preacher. How she longed to be a useful minister's wife! But her second marriage proved to be as great a disappointment as the first. This was the method he used to win the love of Amanda, but he proved to be a worthless hypocrite. Amanda Smith became a washerwoman, a drudge, washing day and night to support her home. But amid her other struggles she found God, and the illumination that came to her, as told in her biography, is simply marvelous.

For some years she was a favorite in revival meetings, where she sang and prayed with an unction that carried the genuine stamp of the Holy Ghost. In 1869 God led her into definite religious work. Think of a negro woman thirty-two years old, without education—except that she had learned to read her Bible—entering into public work. At first she worked among her own people, holding revivals for the negro pastors, for which services she scarcely kept her soul and body together. Scores of times, as she tells us, she had no money to pay her fare to some church where she was called. Gradually the name of Amanda Smith became well known about New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Under the preaching of John Inskip she received the blessing of entire sanctification. The most interesting chapter of her wonderful biography is the way she struggled with the Tempter before she got the blessing. After Amanda Smith professed sanctification, she attended the great camp meetings, where she came in contact with such great spiritual leaders as McDonald, Inskip, Woods, Phoebe Palmer, and others. Her singing and prayers became camp meeting attractions—as great as the presence of Bud Robinson, twenty-five years later.

Big Methodist churches were opened to her in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Jersey City. Then came the call to wider service. Through influential people this black woman was called to England, and her ministry produced a sensation. The largest halls in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Edinburgh were packed to hear Amanda Smith, the "ex-slave evangelist." At all those places she was a stanch exponent of entire sanctification as a definite, second work of grace, and this she proclaimed at the great Keswick Assembly.

Following her great evangelistic tour in England, her calls came from the "regions beyond"; whereupon she started for the Orient, visiting many great cities and historic places, such as Paris, Rome, Florence, Naples, Pompeii, and then Cairo, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and on to India. We have read many descriptions of noted scenes of places in Europe and Egypt, but the details of the things she saw in Paris, Rome, and every other place were astonishing. A scholar versed in the history of those places could not have done it better; yet the story of all she saw is given in style so simple that it is charming.

At the invitation of Bishop Thoburn, she visited India. The bishop says of her visit in Calcutta: "During the seventeen years I lived in Calcutta, I have known many famous strangers to visit the city, and some of them attracted large audiences, but I have never known anyone who could draw and hold so large an audience as Amanda Smith." Speaking of her power of penetration, he says: "I have never known any one who could go to the heart of a problem or difficult situation like she could; at a glance she could see the weakness in men and systems. Once she quelled an Indian mob by falling on her knees and praying." Her poise and absolute faith were a miracle of God's power.

Her evangelistic labors carried her to all parts of India and Africa. She spent eight years in Liberia, where thousands were saved under her ministry. On her return to America by way of London, her reception in that city was an ovation. Letters of greeting and welcome came from the greatest men and women of Church and State, among them Lady Henry Somerset and Frances E. Willard, who was in England at the time.

Her autobiography is a marvel—over five hundred pages of fine print that would make more than a thousand pages of books as they appear to-day. She wrote this at the urgent request of her friends and admirers. One feature is amazing; recalling her experiences from childhood, she gives the names of hundreds of individuals—sometimes a dozen who figured in one event—white and black. For more than thirty years of her life she kept no diary, and how she records the details of people and events is almost unbelievable. Amanda Smith was one of God's chosen vessels. Her presence at a camp meeting was a benediction. Bishops and great scholars sat at her feet and were taught the marvelous truths of God. The life of Amanda Smith was a miracle. She died in Sebring, Fla., in a vine-clad home provided for her by the late George Sebring.

XVII

SAM P. JONES

It is the confluence of a score of great rivers that produces the Mississippi at its biggest. When we see an outstanding character like a Wesley, a Savonarola, or a Knox, we forget the contributing factors, often from sources to the third and fourth generations removed. Piety and strong personality were dominant characteristics in both the paternal and maternal lineage of Sam P. Jones. His father, Capt. John Jones, was a prominent lawyer and a Christian gentleman; his mother was a woman of superior intelligence, combining all the feminine virtues of beautiful motherhood. In the two families there were four ministers of the gospel.

Sam Jones's mother died when he was eight years old; but in some way she had bestowed upon her little son an indelible benediction, and always when he spoke of her he referred to her as "my precious mother" and always associated her with angels. The father was ambitious to see the son enter the legal profession and prepared him for that career. As a young lawyer, having the prestige of his father for a beginning, his prospects were bright indeed; but his temperament led him into social excesses which were so mastering in their effects upon him that early in life they hurried him toward doom. Drunkenness and profanity, with their kindred evils, were rapidly destroying this child of genius. His heartbroken father exhausted every avenue of approach in his efforts to redeem his boy; but appeals only drove him nearer the vortex of ruin. This great sorrow doubtless hastened the death of his father, who called his son to his dying bedside and with his last breath begged him to reform; and, the son on his knees, promised his father that he would give up the evil life. The father's death resulted in the boy's salvation, as he cried for mercy and repented until he found peace. The conversion of Sam P. Jones marked the beginning of a career that is without parallel perhaps in the history of the Church.

The subject of this chapter was born in Chambers County, Ala., October 16, 1847, but was reared from childhood at Cartersville, Ga., where he spent the last twenty-five years of his life. He felt the "call to preach" as soon as he found the pardoning grace. No one believed him suited for the ministry. His wife said she would leave him if he became a minister; but God was with him, and in October, 1872, he was received on trial into the North Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. For eight years, beginning on the Rome Circuit, he was an obscure itinerant minister. But very early his individuality and unique personality gained for him a local reputation, and his services for revival meetings were sought continually by his brethren. His power of denunciation became so pronounced that the Church officials warned him to be more careful, or the Church would not support him; but none of these things moved him.

In 1880 he was appointed financial agent for the North Georgia Conference Orphanage, which was at that time greatly embarrassed financially. The position opened a wide field for him, and his leadership and power over assemblies were soon evident. The debts on the Orphanage were paid and new buildings erected. He accomplished this success for the orphanage while developing a type of evangelism that placed him before the whole nation.

His first great city-wide campaign was in Memphis, Tenn., and then the phenomenal success was duplicated at Nashville, after which Sam P. Jones, the Georgia evangelist, became the most noted preacher in America. Calls came to him from every part of the nation. Up to this time his work had been among his own Southern people, and it was doubtful if he could succeed in the Northern cities. Cincinnati was his first great venture; through the influence of Rev. I. W. Joyce (a pastor who afterwards became a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church), the meeting was held in the Cincinnati Music Hall; the great building was packed from the opening night, and forty thousand people tried to hear his last sermon. This was in 1886. Mr. Moody stopped off between trains one night to hear him. At the depot he wrote a note as follows:

> *"Dear Brother Jones:* God has put in your hands a sledge hammer with which to shatter the formalities of the Church and batter down the strongholds of sin, and he is helping you mightily to use it. God bless you."

From that time on he held great meetings in New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Buffalo, and Boston. Of course his crude wit, coarse stories, and rural life drollery would not "get by" with the cold philosophers and stoic professors of cultured Boston. "Sam Jones will meet his Waterloo in Boston." The great Joseph Cook had this to say about it: "Nothing could equal the study of that Boston audience as I knew them and saw them under the strange spell of Sam Jones's humor and ridicule. Their faces were a curiosity. At first, they wore a look of cold criticism, which changed to disgust, then pleasure, then surprise, then smiles, then determination not to be moved; then a sudden dry grin was followed by a broad laugh, after which a complete surrender to the strange powers of this uncultured, unphilosophical lecturer, who swayed them as he would the rudest audience of the West."

We hear occasionally of a public man who is called a "master of assemblies"; Sam P. Jones was just that to a greater degree than any man to whom we ever listened. Often, as he delivered his disconnected tirade on some public wrong or sin in high places, he would pause, thinking of something else to say, and the longer he paused the stiller the audience became. The multitudes in the great cities would pack the largest hall to hear him say things he had said in their hearing many times before. Let us say this, by way of comparison; Billy Sunday draws the greatest crowds, perhaps, of any preacher in America to-day; but he has behind him an organization, touching every phase of religious and industrial life of the city. He refuses to go where he cannot solicit the coöperation of all the Protestant Churches. At any rate, he requires that; an office is maintained and the organization is carried to the humblest girls of the department stores and the cotton mills. He gets the crowd —why not? But Sam Jones got his crowds without any organization. He went to cities without any invitation. He once went to St. Louis, over the protest of the ministerial association, rented the Music Hall at three hundred dollars a day, and had no one to back him except Dr. W. B. Palmore, of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*. This meeting swept the city, and, without a finance committee or "money speeches," he was given $6,000 above expenses—an amount equivalent to $20,000 to-day. As a commanding personality, Sam Jones had no superior before or since his day.

A critic has said that the supreme test of oratory is its power to move the hearers. Then Sam Jones was America's greatest orator. The Chief of Police of St. Louis said of him: "He is a dangerous man. One word from him, and five thousand men here to-night would form a mob and destroy every saloon in the city; and my officers could not prevent them."

A writer said this about him: "His logic is broken, but it is the logic of the shop and not of the school. His wit degenerates into humor, but it is the humor of the fireside, and his fun and drollery run into ridicule, which he uses with telling effect. Irony, sarcasm, all the extreme powers of speech he scintillates with humor or makes them glow with fiery denunciation, terrific in power and withering in effect; such combination of exceptional powers cannot be found in any other man."

Another said of him: "There is a wonderful unity in this unique character, but it is the unity of the mountain rather than the unity of the sea. It is the sharp, jutting crag, the steep frowning precipice; the deep, wild gorge; the tall cloud-piercing peaks, ribbed with rocks and crowned with snow, all blending into the unity of the mountain, solid, broken, grand; touching the heavens above and generating the mightiest forces of earth beneath. Sunshine and showers, cyclones and cataclysms, wait on his bidding."

Here is his answer to a question as to what he thought of Bob Ingersoll: "Personally Mr. Ingersoll is no doubt a genial gentleman, physically he is fat, intellectually he is bright, morally there may be worse men, but theologically he is a bad egg."

For twenty-one years he was a member of the North Georgia Conference; but in 1893 the presiding bishop gave him one of three courses, as to his appointment—take a pastoral charge, remain within the bounds of the State, or locate. He located, as the world was now his parish. He was preëminently endowed as an evangelist.

We wish to close this *resumé* with one discordant comment. The first time we ever heard Sam Jones we paid seventy-five cents: no one ever paid an admission to hear Mr. Moody. If Sam Jones had refused to commercialize his genius, remained only an evangelist preaching the gospel, and stayed off the lecture platform, we believe his influence would have been enlarged a hundredfold. Mr. Moody's work abides—Bible schools, colleges, a great church, literature, and Bible conferences; while of the constructive work of Sam P. Jones nothing remains. As to natural endowments, there was no comparison in the two men. Moody was a man of one Book and one job; Sam Jones, had he been likewise, might have gone down in the history of America as her greatest son.

XVIII

THE BOSTON TRIUMVIRATE

Our line of studies would indicate that the caption of this chapter is a misnomer. Triumvirate means "three rulers," and that is exactly the meaning we wish to convey. Three men ruled the religious thinking of a great city for a generation as truly as did Webster, Clay, and Calhoun rule the United States Senate. Boston was the very heart of cold intellectualism and unitarianism, a city whose religious background was a revolt against Puritan conservatism. Upon her arena appeared three men who hurled a protest of dynamic gospel at the very heart of her skeptical scholasticism—a religious system as far removed from orthodox faith as any spot in civilization.

Those three men were born within a space of about two years —*viz.,* 1835, 1836, and 1838, respectively—and the places of their birth not more than two hundred miles removed each from the other. Not only did this Triumvirate wield a tremendous influence over a great city; but they dominated their own denominations in large measure throughout New England, and beyond.

1. Phillips Brooks was born at Boston, Mass., December 13, 1835. The blood of two strong families flowed in his veins. The Phillips family on his maternal side had been prominent as ministers and statesmen since 1630. The Brooks family were noted as captains of industry, some of them amassing great fortunes. Phillips Brooks was the confluence of two powerful streams of intellectual personality.

His parents were not Episcopalians in the beginning; but they united with St. Paul's Church, Boston, a short time after Phillips was baptized in the Old First Church. The young man entered Harvard at the age of sixteen—a youth standing then over six feet tall and weighing more than one hundred and sixty pounds. After graduation he tried teaching in a preparatory school, but failed to be able to administer discipline, greatly to his humiliation. It was fortunate, as this failure helped him find himself, and the whole world is indebted to those young scamps for the part they played in the life of this mighty man, then in the making. Feeling a definite call to the ministry at this time, he entered the seminary at Alexandria, Va., from which institution he graduated in 1859.

The first years of his ministry were in Philadelphia, where he served as rector of the Church of the Advent, and afterwards the Holy Trinity. Two events happened in 1865 that brought the young minister before the public, and his unusual gifts sprang into prominence like the sweep of a meteor. One was a sermon preached on the "Life and Death of Abraham Lincoln." The public was ready for such a message, and it was given to the whole nation at the psychological moment. The second was a prayer delivered at a memorial service at Harvard in memory of the men who died in the Civil War. This prayer, which was to be a part of a functional program, proved likewise, as did the sermon, to be a spiritual appeal which stirred not only Harvard, but all Boston.

He was offered at once the presidency of the Episcopal Seminary at Cambridge, but declined. He was finally induced to accept the pastorate of Trinity Church, Boston, in 1869. This building burned, and was rebuilt on a much larger scale at Copley Square. Here his wonderful career began, as the congregations packed his church at every service. His fame as a great preacher soon reached England, and an invitation was tendered him by Dean Stanley to preach in Westminster Abbey —the first American to be thus recognized. Phillips Brooks was a continual irritation to his conservative churchmen. He did not believe in apostolic succession, and he was a latitudinarian in all his thinking and attitude toward other faiths. He took no part in the religious and scientific controversies of his day. He never undertook to reply to doubts among his hearers. His theory was that the best way to silence all such religious problems for the individual was to proclaim an experimental faith. On this idea alone he delivered his message.

Phillips Brooks had three outstanding convictions around which his entire gospel centered. First, God, the Creator, Preserver, the All and in all of the universe. Second, man, a being capable of appreciating, loving, and serving this Being, through a conscious salvation from sin. Third, Jesus Christ, the Revelation of God to the world, through an atonement by death on the Cross. He had little use for ecclesiastical formalisms. He had a friendly toleration for bishops, but gave them no serious consideration. In this regard, however, he changed his views and saw in the office a wide field for service; but he did not change his theology to further his chances. He was elected bishop in 1891; but ordination was postponed for some time because of his non-episcopal views. However, this man was too big to be set aside, and in due time the House of Bishops declared his election to the high office of bishop. As bishop he served but fifteen months, for he died, after a short illness, on January 23, 1893.

Truly a mighty prophet was Phillips Brooks. He was a giant physically; he stood six feet four inches, and weighed, when in the prime of life, three hundred pounds. In speech, the words flashed from his touch like shells from a rapid-firing gun; stenographers said that he often spoke more than two hundred words a minute. He left a vast fund of written material besides the books he published. His outstanding contributions to religious literature were the Yale Lectures, which are classics, and the "Influence of Jesus." We doubt if on either side of the Atlantic the Episcopal Church has produced an equal to Phillips Brooks.

2. We study next one of the greatest intellects of the past century in America: Dr. Joseph Cook. Not only was he a ten-talented man intellectually, but no man living in his day had a wider or truer grasp of the world situation. He was a student of civilization from firsthand knowledge. He was born at Ticonderoga, N. Y., January 26, 1838. From childhood he showed a marked interest in all kinds of books. At the age of nine he attended a sale, bought all the good books auctioned off, and read them with the astuteness of a near-mature mind. He graduated from Yale in 1861 and was licensed to preach at Andover, but declined to assume the work of a pastor. He was, however, induced to serve as supply pastor at Lynn, Mass., for two years, 1870-71. He then resigned and went to Germany, where he distinguished himself in four universities: Halle, Berlin, Leipsic, and Heidelberg. Joseph Cook was a scholar of first rank, and became also a close, devout student of the Bible and Church history.

On returning to America, he entered the field of lectureship, his themes being developed around three great issues: Religion, Science, and Reforms. In a short time he established his famous "Boston Monday Lectures" in Tremont Temple, which soon gave him a national prominence on the American platform. The building where the Monday Lectures were delivered seated three thousand people, and he spoke to a capacity house. These lectures were the outstanding attraction of Boston for visitors and serious-minded people at home.

In this same connection, because of continual appeals, the Thursday Lectures were inaugurated in New York City and were received with the same enthusiasm as the work in Boston. In 1880 Joseph Cook toured Europe and spoke one hundred and thirty-five times in England alone. He lectured in all the leading cities of France, Germany, and Italy. He likewise visited and lectured in all the countries of the Near East and the Orient, also in North Africa.

Dr. Cook did not travel as a sight-seer, but as a student of life at every angle in all the lands he visited. When he took up his life work, after returning from the world tour, his message was narrowed down to one major theme: the harmony between science and the Bible; and no man living in his day was more qualified to do this task. His work was in contrast to that of Phillips Brooks in that he met all those skeptical views of whatever nature with a ripe scholarship and thunderous argument with facts unanswerable. He wrote and lectured on Biology, Orthoxody, Transcendentalism, Heredity, Conscience, Labor, and Socialism.

He was a prophet of God in declaiming his message to the world free from any ecclesiastical entanglements; he interpreted human life with the consummate skill of a diagnostician with his miscroscope; but with one end in view—the defense of God's revealed word, in accord with the data of science. Joseph Cook traversed to the limit of his great mind every avenue of truth as related to God, Man, and Eternity. Any reader of these lines who was fortunate enough, as was the writer, to sit under this master of assemblies will verify the foregoing statements. With all his learning and experience, Joseph Cook was what would be classified to-day as an extreme Fundamentalist; he was a devout worshiper of Jesus Christ as the Crucified Redeemer of mankind, the God-man of Revelation. He died June 24, 1901, at the home of his birth, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

3. The last of the Triumvirate is Adoniram Judson Gordon, who for nearly fifty years was the leading mouthpiece of the New England Baptist Church, with his pastorate in the city of Boston. Dr. Gordon was born at New Hampton, N. H., April 19, 1836. He was graduated from Brown University in 1860 and ordained the pastor of Jamaica Plains (Mass.) Baptist Church, where he served until 1869. He was then called to the Clarendon Street Baptist Church of Boston,

where he remained until his death, which occurred on February 2, 1895.

Dr. Gordon was a popular city pastor, and no doubt would have continued to be so but for a dream which he had some time in mid-life. He dreamed that he saw a strange but very remarkable-looking man sitting in the congregation one morning. Thinking to reach him at the close of the service and ascertain who he was, he found that the stranger had disappeared before he could get from his pulpit to the door. He made inquiry as to who this man was, and some one informed him that it was Jesus Christ.

He then began a personal inquisition as to what Jesus might have thought of his sermon, and would he have preached so if he had known that this great Saviour would have been there, etc. That dream revolutionized the ministry of Dr. Gordon, and he gave his testimony in a book, "When Christ Came to Church." From that time until the close of his ministry Dr. Gordon was a fire-baptized messenger of the evangelical gospel; his church, likewise, was transformed under the new message of its pastor. Clarendon Street Church became a salvation station for Boston. The reflex influence of this great sanctified spirit was felt on all the evangelical Churches of the country in general, and on the Baptist Church in particular. Dr. Gordon was an extensive writer of deeply spiritual books, such as "Grace and Glory," "The Ministry of Healing," "The Twofold Life," and then his greatest book, "Ecce Venit," which had a wide circulation in all English-speaking countries. Dr. Gordon was an ardent Premillennialist, and his pulpit gave forth this gospel of the blessed hope. His church became one of the leading missionary supporters of that denomination. All he had to do any Sunday morning was to state how many thousand dollars he wanted for missions, and it was given without high pressure or pleading.

The Premillennial teachings of this virile gospel reflected on the religious thinking of the entire Baptist Church of America, as well as on the orthodox Christianity of other faiths. Dr. Gordon was truly a Modern Apostle of the "Faith once delivered to the saints."

XIX

EDWARD McKENDREE BOUNDS

A STORY of continuity: David Brainerd, a missionary to the American Indians, kept a diary. After his death Jonathan Edwards published it; William Carey, a humble shoemaker, read it, and went to India; Henry Martyn read it, and went to Persia; McCheyne read it, and went to the Jews; E. M. Bounds read it, and went to his knees. He remained there until he solved the problem of intercessory prayer to a degree without a parallel in the history of Methodism. On that particular night, shortly after four o'clock, the watchers at Heaven's outposts flashed the message to headquarters: "Behold, he prayeth."

The vision was that of a practical mystic—a man of piercing black eyes and slight, spare figure. As he kneeled, it was no mere whisper in which the prayer was breathed. Edward M. Bounds believed and practiced audible supplication. Perhaps few think it matters in what voice we pray. Few think to pray in a voice that moves. Dr. Bounds's praying voice possessed a confidence, an earnest assurance that we have never heard reproduced. Dr. Bounds did not merely pray well that he might write well about prayer; he prayed because the needs of the world were upon him. He prayed for long years upon subjects to which the easy-going Christian rarely gives a thought. He prayed for objects which men of less faith are always ready to call impossible. Yet, from these continued solitary prayer-vigils, year by year there arose a gift of prayer teaching equaled by few men in history. He wrote transcendently about prayer, because he was transcendent in its practice.

Edward McKendree Bounds was born in Shelby County, Mo., August 15, 1835. He studied law and was admitted to the bar after he was twenty-one years of age. He practiced law until he was called to preach, three years later, and was admitted into the traveling connection of the Missouri Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and appointed to the Monticello charge. While serving the Brunswick Circuit war between the States was declared, and the young minister was made a prisoner of war because he would not take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. He was sent to St. Louis, and then to Memphis, Tenn., from which latter prison he soon secured his release. He traveled over one hundred miles on foot to join General Price's company in Mississippi. He was at once given a commission as captain of the Fifth Missouri Regiment, a position which he held until the close of the war; but he was captured and held a prisoner at Nashville, Tenn.

After the war closed E. M. Bounds served churches in Tennessee and Alabama. In 1875 he was transferred to the St. Louis Conference and stationed at St. Paul's Church, St. Louis, where he served for four years. In 1876 he was married to Miss Emmie Barnett, of Eufaula, Ala., who died ten years later. In 1887 he was married to Mrs. Hattie Barnett, who passed away four months after the death of her saintly husband, which occurred at Washington, Ga., August 24, 1913. There were born to Dr. Bounds two children by his first wife and five by his second.

After serving several pastorates he was sent to the First Methodist Church at St. Louis, Mo., and then a second time to St. Paul's in the same city. His fine qualities soon became known to the Church at large, whereupon he was appointed editor of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate,* and served in this field for nine years. His gifts were further recognized, and he was elected associate editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate,* the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

As he devoted himself more and more to the deeper things of the Spirit, he felt the call to a ministry peculiarly his own;

and in order to do this work he took the evangelistic relation to his Church; but he spent the last two decades of his life with his family at Washington, Ga., where most of his time was spent in the "upper room," as it were, and in writing his "Spiritual Life Books."

Dr. Bounds was the embodiment of humility; anything that smacked of the spirit of show-off, or pretense, was revolting to his sensitive soul. His life was "hid with Christ in God" and with a seraphic devotion to his Lord and Saviour. He was a Methodist of the John Wesley type, experiencing and proclaiming the blessed doctrine of entire sanctification as a second definite work of grace witnessed in the heart by the Holy Ghost. He had reached that altitude of spiritual vision and passion for a lost world where self was entirely forgotten. It was no uncommon thing for his host, wherever he happened to be visiting, to find him alone in the church on his knees and in his room hours before dawn crying and pleading with God for a lost world. This is what he called the "Business of Prayeridge." It was when saturated with this Heavenly Ozone that he wrote his classics on prayer. Life with him was a struggle; but his ministry when living, overlooked and unappreciated by his Church, is now coming into its own since his translation to glory. His books are now running into thousands and are bringing peace and help to multitudes in this and in other countries, as they are translated into other languages.

Dr. A. C. Dixon was once preaching in Atlanta, and a copy of "Preacher and Prayer," by E. M. Bounds, was given him by a friend. Then, at Christmas, another copy was sent by another friend. That he should receive two copies of the same book seemed a bit strange to him. Dr. Dixon said: "There must be something in this little book worth while, or two of my friends would not have selected the same book for me. So I read the first page until I came to the words 'Man is looking for better methods; God is looking for better men. Man is God's method.' That was enough for me, and my appetite demanded more until the book was finished with pleasure and profit."

One of our most cultured and pious editors some years ago had this to say of the "Spiritual Life Books": "The books produced by Dr. E. M. Bounds constitute one of the rarest types of literature with which we are acquainted. Reading Dr. Bounds's books is like experiencing a heavenly gale in a tropical clime. Especially is this the case with one who knew and loved him as did this writer. His style is of the highest order of striking, sententious eloquence. He grasps the central thought of great spiritual truths and expresses it with prodigious force and surprising spiritual glow: 'Ineffable Glory' treats of the resurrection. In this book he confines himself rigidly to the solitary theme of the resurrection and takes the old-time, evangelical position on all phases of the subject. His chapters are introduced with striking, classic extracts from the greatest writers on Biblical and theological themes. As some reviewer said about one of his previous books, these introductory extracts from various authors are alone worth more than the price of the book. His 'Preacher and Prayer' has already become the great modern classic on prayer. His 'Purpose in Prayer' is following close in the wake of the foregoing, and the two recently added volumes are destined to reach the same enviable goal. Dr. Bounds's writings seem to be wrung out of his heart's core. They impress you as saturated with the blood and tears and heart throbs of a great martyr-prophet hurling back his dying testimonies from the tortures of the rack. No man can be the same after reading one of his books. As long as grief sighs for the divine and broken hearts feel after the healing balm; as long as famishing souls thirst for God and the converted hunger after righteousness; as long as saints aspire to climb amid the celestial heights of perfect love, Dr. Bounds's books will live to fan these holy aspirations and help souls by their mighty potencies onward and upward amid the loftiest altitudes of grace and blessing."

A promoter of Dr. Bounds's books, introducing "Prayer and Praying Men," compares him with John Wesley in these words: "Wesley's piety and genius and popularity flowed from his early life like a majestic river. Bounds's has been dammed up, but now it is beginning to flow and sweep with resistless force, and erelong he will be the mighty Amazon of the devotional world."

Speaking further, he says: "God gave Bounds an enlargedness of heart and an insatiable desire to do service for him. To this end he enjoyed what I am pleased to term a transcendent inspiration; else he could never have brought out of his treasure things new and old far exceeding anything we have known or read in the last century. There is no man that has lived since the days of the apostles that has surpassed him in the depths of his marvelous research into the life of prayer.

Until in age and feebleness extreme, Dr. Bounds did two things: he prayed from four o'clock every morning until seven; then drove his pen with a swiftness and power—not for himself, not for financial gain, but for a great barren, backslidden world, a lost world, a world, though nominally Christian, as ignorant of God as the heathen. We believe he was one of the most unearthly men we ever saw. Yes, unearthly, that is the word; no other could describe E. M. Bounds. He lived in the world, but was not of the world. We can best describe him in the language of Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," as he told of the old minister:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

That was E. M. Bounds; he knew and felt the storms; the blasts of a sordid world beat upon him, but he lived far up in the eternals, where sunshine never faded—where there were no dimming clouds. But best of all he has left for us the findings of his heavenly explorations. He was a pilgrim and a stranger here; "he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Furthermore, he lived in daily expectancy of his Lord's return; he was a rapturous believer in the blessed hope. It has been truly said: "E. M. Bounds was not a luminary—he was a sun." We shall not see his like again.

tions and help souls by their mighty potencies onward and upward amid the loftiest altitudes of grace and blessing."

A promoter of Dr. Bounds's books, introducing "Prayer and Praying Men," compares him with John Wesley in these words: "Wesley's piety and genius and popularity flowed from his early life like a majestic river. Bounds's has been dammed up, but now it is beginning to flow and sweep with resistless force, and erelong he will be the mighty Amazon of the devotional world."

Speaking further, he says: "God gave Bounds an enlargedness of heart and an insatiable desire to do service for him. To this end he enjoyed what I am pleased to term a transcendent inspiration; else he could never have brought out of his treasure things new and old far exceeding anything we have known or read in the last century. There is no man that has lived since the days of the apostles that has surpassed him in the depths of his marvelous research into the life of prayer.

Until in age and feebleness extreme, Dr. Bounds did two things: he prayed from four o'clock every morning until seven; then drove his pen with a swiftness and power—not for himself, not for financial gain, but for a great barren, backslidden world, a lost world, a world, though nominally Christian, as ignorant of God as the heathen. We believe he was one of the most unearthly men we ever saw. Yes, unearthly, that is the word; no other could describe E. M. Bounds. He lived in the world, but was not of the world. We can best describe him in the language of Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," as he told of the old minister:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

That was E. M. Bounds; he knew and felt the storms; the blasts of a sordid world beat upon him, but he lived far up in the eternals, where sunshine never faded—where there were no dimming clouds. But best of all he has left for us the findings of his heavenly explorations. He was a pilgrim and a stranger here; "he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Furthermore, he lived in daily expectancy of his Lord's return; he was a rapturous believer in the blessed hope. It has been truly said: "E. M. Bounds was not a luminary—he was a sun." We shall not see his like again.

XX

WALTER R. LAMBUTH

Very few people fully appreciate the life and character of Walter R. Lambuth. This is due to the quiet, unassuming demeanor of the man; he was not great in appearance; meeting him on the street, no one would look at him the second time. He attracted no attention in the crowd; even his public deliverances lacked the dramatic fervor and eloquence that would make him a master of assemblies. A cultured Japanese, writing in *Collier's* recently, gives us a close-up of the man, and the secret power he possessed, in an article, "Why I Became a Christian": "We walked nearly three miles, from one end of Hyogo to Kaigandori in the foreign settlement of Kobe. The room was filled with wooden benches. At one end of the room, seated at a table, I saw a man of slight build, with the finely chiseled features of a man of learning. He had an open book in his hand and was reeading from it. Presently he knelt to pray.

"We sat there bolt upright with our eyes wide open, and watched him. We could not understand much of what he said. We saw tears start from his eyes and course down both his cheeks. I nudged my schoolmate and whispered to him: 'See that? Foreigners cry too, don't they?' After that the man preached for about an hour—all in English.

"I was face to face with a miracle. And knew it. The strange-looking man before me, with his blue eyes and sharp-pointed nose, from beyond Heaven knows how many miles of sea and land, was human as we were. More, there was a bridge between us. Suddenly I felt my world expand by a couple of continents and a half dozen oceans.

"This, then, was the way I met the late Dr. Walter R. Lambuth, who became afterwards a bishop of the Methodist Church, South, one of the really great men of his age and far and away the ablest missionary America has ever given to Japan."

This young Japanese fell in love with the gentle, unaffected, saintly life of the good doctor and wanted to be like him.

Perhaps no missionary during the past hundred years was so well equipped for foreign service as was Walter R. Lambuth. The difficulties and handicaps of all missionaries going to a land of strange customs and languages were never a hindrance to him. He had superior advantages in this regard. His father, the Rev. J. W. Lambuth, of the M. E. Church, South, was a pioneer missionary to China. Walter, the illustrious son, was born in Shanghai, China, November 10, 1854; the "foreign field" was therefore the land of his nativity. He lived and breathed the Oriental atmosphere as naturally as an American boy becomes a part of American life. His playmates were Chinese children; their language was his language, and he knew the viewpoint of the Mongolian better than he knew that of his own people in the homeland.

We can imagine how well rooted and grounded one would become who spent the first seventeen years of his life among foreign people. His educational preparation was received in the mission schools of Shanghai, and at the age of seventeen he entered Emory and Henry College in the Holston Conference; from this institution he was graduated with honors in 1875. He then entered Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., where, after two years' study, he received both his M.A. and M.D. degrees, as he had decided to be a medical missionary. Being familiar with the needs of the heathen people, he saw that the greatest open field would be—along with the religion of Christ—to minister to their physical infirmities.

Walter R. Lambuth entered Bellevue Hospital immediately after his graduation from Vanderbilt, and from that celebrated school of medicine he received his diploma in 1881. Then, in order that he might better serve his needy constituency in the tries. He took first rank in all the big missionary gatherings of all denominations, as well as his own; his counsel was given the highest consideration by missionary leaders everywhere. In 1907 he was a delegate to a meeting in Japan, looking to the unification of Japanese Methodism, and was a factor in the consummation of that program.

Bishop Lambuth delivered the Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt University in 1915. He was an extensive writer on missionary themes, and no man in the Church was better informed on every phase of the subject. He published a book on "Winning the World for Christ" and another on "Side Lights on the Orient." He compiled and edited the Discipline of the Japan Methodist Church.

During the World War, Bishop Lambuth served on an important commission in Paris, which had to do with international relationship of the United States Army in France. His broad-mindedness and his sweet, generous spirit lifted him beyond the limitations of any ecclesiasticism and made him a world character. In 1892 both Emory College, at Oxford, Ga., and Randolph-Macon College, at Ashland, Va., conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

While a student at Vanderbilt University, he became acquainted with Miss Daisy Kelley, the daughter of Dr. D. C. Kelley, of the Tennessee Conference, stationed then in Nashville, and this courtship was consummated in a happy marriage.

Bishop Lambuth died at Yokahoma, Japan, September 26, 1921, and when he died there was left a great void in the world's missionary cause.

XXI

WARREN A. CANDLER

Georgia has given more than her quota of great men to the nation. Any one passing through the State for the first time will be disappointed at the apparent poverty of the country. However, it is not the rich soil that produces men; blood and environment—often grinding and hard—produce the highest type of men. Among the names that have added to the Empire State during the present generation is Candler.

Three sons were born to Samuel C. and Martha B. Candler, all of whom have taken places of State-wide leadership: one a capitalist and philanthropist; another an eminent jurist, and once a member of Congress; the other—the subject of this sketch—an outstanding preacher, a parliamentarian, a religious statesman and leader, holding the highest office in the gift of a great Church—Warren A. Candler.

For more than three decades he has been recognized as one of the Southland's leaders in civic and religious life—a preacher of tremendous power. His mind is cast in a mold that can take in nothing little or mean. As a parliamentarian, we doubt if he has an equal on the continent. He could manage a United States Senate as easily as he could preside over a District Conference. Bishop Candler is a master of assemblies. A dozen men may be on the floor at once, all clamoring for recognition; motion after motion, with amendments and substitutes, may be fired at him from every part of the building, but he never loses his head, of what is next in order, or what is "out of order." As the chairman, he can state the motion, the amendment, or what is before the house amid all the confusion.

We have always regarded Bishop Candler as a kind of ideal in all he did, but he was never greater to me than when he presided over one of the General Conferences in one of the stormiest sessions perhaps in the history of the Church. It was when the old War Claim question was before that body. Those who remember the calm abandon with which Bishop Candler guided the heated session must see in him a consummate parliamentarian. Others lose their heads, but the Bishop never does. In this regard he towers above most men, so far as we have observed.

It can be said, with justice to all, that the South has no greater preacher. There may be others with some scholarly touches which the Bishop may not possess, but in expounding the gospel of the atoning sacrificial death of Christ, without any new emphasis or apology, Bishop Candler easily ranks at the top. Regardless of what text or subject he may be expounding, one has the feeling, when he is through, that about all has been said that can be said on the subjcet.

It is a great pity that Bishop Candler cannot be in some metropolitan pulpit, where the throngs could wait on his ministry, and have a powerful broadcasting station attached, so that he could preach to the whole nation. What a contrast would be his mighty gospel, as compared with Cadman, Fosdick, and others, who are favored with such opportunities. The episcopacy is a big job, but it circumscribes a man of Bishop Candler's caliber.

Warren A. Candler was born August 23, 1857, in Carroll County, Ga. At the age of fifteen he entered Emory College, Oxford, Ga., and three years later graduated with the highest honors. The following autumn, 1875, he joined the North Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was assigned to the Newton Circuit. Two years later he was married to Miss Nettie Curtwright. Each appointment was a promotion; the third charge was Merritt's Avenue, Atlanta. The following year he was made presiding elder of the Dahlonega District, and was at the time the youngest presiding elder in the Church. After he finished his term on the district he served Sparta and St. John, in Augusta. After this he was elected assistant editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate,* where he served for two years. While living in Nashville, he supplied for a time the old McKendree Church, and in this religious and intellectual center he soon gained a Church-wide reputation as a preacher.

At the end of two years he was called by the Board of Trustees of Emory College—his *Alma Mater*—to the presidency. Being only thirty-one years old, he was the youngest college president of any American college. In this new position he very soon exhibited unusual ability as a financier, and the school's endowment grew to such an extent that it was placed in a rank with the foremost colleges of the State. His work as an educator gave him prestige throughout the Church; and his well-known ability as a preacher was such that it was no surprise when he was elected to the episcopacy in 1893, when scarcely forty years of age.

During the more than three decades he has served as a bishop no man in American Methodism has wielded a greater influence. He has been a regular contributor to the *Atlanta Journal,* giving out timely messages on whatever themes he desired to discuss. In those contributions he has produced for the world "the beaten oil of the sanctuary"—truth on social, political, and religious problems, handled by a master. He has been able to draw from a ripe scholarship and extensive reading information that qualifies him to speak with authority. What he says goes without challenge. Many of those messages, along with others, have been reproduced in the Church press: so that Bishop Candler speaks not only to the entire Southland, but touches other parts of the nation.

Bishop Candler is being charged with being ultraconservative, and to a degree prejudiced on matters pertaining to orthodox faith, unification of Methodism, and other modern tendencies of the times. It is a calamity to our Southland that we have so few of his kind. He is holding a place in defense of the Bible and the doctrines of the Church that will be hard to fill. The charges being made against our beloved Bishop reflect no discredit on him; for he could not more highly honor his calling than to stand as the champion of the Bible and the faith which was once delivered unto the saints. Bishop Candler believes the Bible. We once heard him say: "The trouble with the gospel to-day is that it has been bleached out too often." In other words, the blood is no longer being given the proper emphasis.

We regret, more than we have words to express, that Bishop Candler is so near the sunset. While he is still vigorous, and it seems that his mental and physical powers were never stronger, think of what it would mean to our Church in her fight against modernistic tendencies if the Bishop were twenty years younger. His Damascus blade is still keen, and it is unsheathed for all enemies of the Church; but it cannot continue in the distant to-morrow, when such a blade will be sorely needed.

He is a true son of the South. Born and bred in Georgia, he was a lad not yet in his teens when the dark scourge of war prostrated his country, and with thousands of others he has not forgotten those fearful experiences. When all these things are remembered, we can better understand the conservative spirit of the man touching the questions that have been agitating Methodism for many years. He knows the people of the South—their faults and their virtues—and the Bishop is not alone in his views of what is best for his Church.

We have noted some of the factors in the make-up of this great leader. He is an executive and a master of assemblies—*par excellence;* he is a writer, lucid, terse, epigrammatic on any theme he wishes to discuss—there are no dull, montonous paragraphs coming from his pen. His logic leaves no open spaces for the enemy; his sarcasm is withering. It is a genuine thrill to read from his pen when he turns the broadside of his powers upon conceited, sophisticated scholarship and apostles of new ideas. "Mossbackism"—O yes, perhaps it is; but like a cat tossed into the air, the Bishop always alights on his feet.

We have observed that, in sermon or public address, the same powers of repartee and cutting sarcasm and flashes of timely wit are always at his command, and can be brought into action with the same telling effect as when preparing a rejoinder or contribution in the quiet of his study. He knows the language of the street; he knows the viewpoint of the negro and the unlearned white man of the South. When he chooses he can use slang, so that it fits like classic English. He has a spontaneous wit that is never lacking in sermon or address and holds the sympathy and good will of his auditors so completely that their minds and hearts are open for tremendous truths that will follow.

Bishop Candler is a rare combination. We love and honor him as a ten-talented man, not only to Methodism, but to the whole nation. In the first minute of his appearance before any audience they will discover that a man is before them. He is unique in physical aspects; his soft though stentorian voice, accentuated by Southern vernacular of speech, grips his hearers, and time flies by unnoticed. Bishop Candler is truly a great preacher. We doubt if ever an audience grew tired under his messages, and this is the acid test of a public speaker and true orator.

As a writer, the Bishop has made some lasting contributions to the literature of his Church. Scarcely a year passes but he produces a book on some vital theme. In addition to all those rare and unusual qualifications mentioned above, he has been an efficient agency in giving to the Church one of her greatest universities, and one that is foremost in the South. He, more than any one else, did the planning, organizing, and carrying to success the big task of bringing Emory University into existence. So, in conclusion, it can be said that, from the beginning as a youth until the present hour, Warren A. Candler has been a successful doer of big things.

XXII

GIPSY (RODNEY) SMITH

The Jew is a wonder among the peoples of the earth; but his origin is no mystery. His racial characteristics and clannish life are without parallel in all the world. But Gipsies cannot be traced to any certain origin; they have traits and habits found nowhere else; their origin has baffled the anthropological experts. It is believed that they were first known of in India; but being a wandering, nomadic people, without records or other institutions of civilization, this is all conjecture. They are supposed to be a thieving, immoral, treacherous people; but a close-up of the soul life of Gipsies reveals some astonishing moral qualities. They have laws and methods governing their social and domestic life that our boasted civilization might well copy. They are religious and believe implicitly in God, in spite of their superstitions and other strange notions.

Now, in all this we face a mystery. They are doubtless from that great expanse of country lying east of the Mediterranen Sea; they are from the lands of the nomadic tribes, yet they are neither Turk nor Arab; still they have many habits and customs similar to those "wild asses of the desert." The Gipsy is hard to explain, as he rather belongs to the peoples of "No Man's Land." Nobody is sure about him; therefore we have the same right as others to conjecture as to who and what he is—it is all vague. We hear much about the "lost tribes of Israel," the ten tribes. What has become of them? They could not have been absorbed without violating all the traditions of the Jews in all the world.

We have always had some notions about the Gipsy; then after reading the life of Gipsy Smith—an autobiography—we have been confirmed in our views. But the author does not hint at such a proposition. Gipsies belong to the Semitic races; that much is true. They live in tents, and are pilgrims and strangers in the earth, with no fixed habitation. The Jews are Semitic, and for centuries dwelt in tents. Gipsies do not mix with other races; neither do the Jews. Gipsies are intensely religious in a wild, superstitious way, but are not Christ followers. They reverence God; so do the Jews. They have clean traditions—they keep the Sabbath day—and there are very few who do not have Bible names. The Gipsies all want their babies christened; and lastly, the two peoples are strikingly similar in face, eyes, hair, etc. Both are a "peculiar people." We therefore believe that the Gipsy is of Jewish origin, and there seems to be no other rational explanation of this strange people.

But this chapter proposes to draw a brief pen picture of Gipsy Smith, an evangelist and soul saver of international renown. He was born in a tent on March 31, 1860, in the Parish of Wanstead, Epping Forest, England. He was schooled in all the petty pilfering of his people. One of the most pathetic pictures in the life of this Gipsy boy was when smallpox got among them and his mother died of the epidemic and was quarantined so that none of the children could see her after she was dead. "This great sorrow," says little Rodney, "broke my childish heart." This visitation was the turning point in the life of Cornelius Smith—the father; he sought God continually until he found him, and likewise did his two brothers. They visited a Wesleyan Methodist Church during a revival, which resulted in the salvation of the Smith brothers. Cornelius became an evangelist among his people at once. About this time he came in contact with William Booth, who was just beginning his mission work. Booth used the "converted Gipsy" in many special meetings, and with unusual success.

Rodney was a street peddler of clothespins and other trinkets made by the women and girls; the men traded, the women worked at making little articles during the day and told fortunes in the evening, while the children did the selling. But his life soon weighed heavily on the heart of Cornelius Smith, who began praying and holding on to God for the salvation of his family He took them in the order of their ages. He was greatly distressed over the salvation of his only daughter Tilly; as Rodney was older than she, he felt that the boy must be converted first. Will some one please explain this very unusual notion—that blessings had to come to children, beginning with the oldest? Another Jewish tradition. However, Rodney was graciously saved, with what he called a "sky-blue" experience—and it was at an altar—"mourners' bench."

This great event occurred at or near the village of Caravan, also near to Bedford, the home of John Bunyan, where may be seen a monument in honor of his jail career. Rodney had a hard struggle; he spent much time in the woods, praying alone; he seemed to find peace, but could not get himself reconciled to making a public confession of Christ. He surrendered, but would not do it before men. But while attending a revival in a Primitive Methodist Church, near Cambridge, the transaction was closed. They were singing "Come, Humble Sinner," and when they sang the verse,

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die,"

he went to the altar, and his old Gipsy father prayed fervently for the lad. This was on November 17, 1876, and the spiritual birthday of little Rodney Smith who, as he says, "came through" with great assurance. Gipsy Smith often says he is a "Cambridge man."

At the time of his conversion Rodney Smith could neither read nor write; his first steps in learning were gleaned from reading various signs. In spite of this handicap, he felt that God had called him to preach, and his "maiden effort" was delivered to a congregation of turnips. He said that, judging from the silence and reverence given him, his message was gladly received. The three big Gipsy brothers held revival meetings in villages wherever they went, and Cornelius, who had made most of his living fiddling for country dances, was known as the "fiddling Gipsy" and was a great attraction everywhere.

Later they all attended a revival at Whitechapel Road, conducted by William Booth, who called Cornelius Smith to the platform and asked about his son, who he had understood wanted to be a preacher. The boy was called into a private room, where the great leader interviewed the lad, asking him, among other things, if he wanted to join their mission.

This was the beginning of Gipsy Smith's career. The lad returned to the tent city in much joy, took off his Gipsy clothes, dressed himself in the way other young men dressed, left for his first try-out as a member of the Salvation Army, and was assigned by William Booth to his first field of labor. He was sent to Whitby and placed in a kind of home, where he ate for the first time with knives and forks on a table covered with a linen cloth. The boy had many seasons of discouragement and was embarrassed no little while trying to adjust himself to the social life of his new friends.

But the "Gipsy boy" was an attraction; crowds filled the building to hear his simple messages, unlearned in every manner of speech and expression,. but unctionized by the Holy Spirit. His next field was Harteford, where he became more the master of himself, and the word flourished. His third appointment was at Manchester, under Ballington Booth, but he was not well received, owing to some friction, which grew very bitter among the workers, because of the popularity of this Gipsy boy. It is the same old story; those who can do the things that others are unable to do must suffer because of mean, contemptible jealousies.

From Manchester he was moved to Hartley. This was the beginning of Gipsy Smith's great career. He secured an old circus building which had a capacity of thousands, while thousands waited upon his ministry and scores were converted almost weekly. So great had become the popularity of Gipsy Smith that Ballington Booth succeeded in having him again removed. The whole town petitioned for his return, but the old Salvation Army leader felt that he was becoming too popular with the world to render acceptable service in the Army. When he left Hartley, his friends presented him with a gold watch; and when this was reported to Headquarters Gipsy Smith was discontinued from the ranks of the Salvation Army.

This only served to increase his reputation. He returned to Hartley, remained there for many years, and his ministry became nation-wide. It was a blessing, both to Gipsy Smith and to the world, that he was dismissed from the Salvation Army, as that line of work would have been a handicap to this man of destiny.

In 1889 he first visited America and conducted a great revival in Nostrand Avenue Methodist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. His ministry for over thirty years has been on a large scale, as scarcely anywhere can a building be found that will accommodate his audiences. He has made five evangelistic tours of America, and held revivals in nearly all the large cities. His gospel is preëminently one of love, showing a heart of tenderness and compassion for lost men. The fiery denunciation has no place in his messages; like D. L. Moody, he loves people into the kingdom of God.

Until 1897 Gipsy Smith preached as a layman; since that time he has been an ordained minister, or rather a missioner of the National Council of Free Churches. He has one son who is also preaching the gospel with marked success. Gipsy Smith is now seventy years old and will doubtless have many more years of effective service for the Master, who has so signally honored the "Gipsy boy" and given him a place in the front rank of great soul winners.

This is a skeptical world, and many balk at ordinary miracles. A cripple cannot be cured or an ax float by supernatural means. O no; but who cannot see the supernatural in the life of such a man as Gipsy Smith? A poor, ignorant Gipsy boy touched by the Divine Healer of souls; then his spirit awakes; he begins to testify concerning God's work wrought in him. He first tells his Gipsy people, then crowds, then multitudes—finally the nations. His life is one long splendid miracle of grace, and thousands will testify to its authenticity. May he continue to do great things in the name of the Lord!

XXIII

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

THE law of cause and effect does not always operate in the affairs of men touching promotions, honors, etc.; the greatest men are not always chosen presidents of the nation; the ablest men are not always chosen to the episcopacy. These honors come through conjuring of circumstances and carefully worked out plans of organizations. "It is better to be right than to be president" is a well-known saying, which was more surely exemplified in the life of William Jennings Bryan than in the life of any other person in the history of our nation. With the personality, magnetism, and superior eloquence of this princely man, "all the king's horses" could not have pulled him away from the White House, had he but lowered the standard of his convictions.

The second time he was nominated for president, one of the leading New York politicians spent several days with him at Lincoln, Nebr., urging him to modify his views, but without success. He remained at home during the convention, and held up the proceedings for more than two days, in which time the platform committee wrestled with his demands. He literally forced that great body to "come over" to his ideas before he would accept the nomination. This was never done by any other man, elected or defeated, before or since. This writer was in the convention hall when the committee finally yielded, brought in its report and announced Mr. Bryan's doctrines. In anticipation of this, ten thousand small flags had been distributed among the delegates; also a picture of Mr. Bryan, some ten feet square, between two gigantic flags, was unfolded before the vast audience, and for thirty-five minutes there was pandemonium, which was amplified by a band of some fifty instruments and the waving of those flags. We doubt if, in the history of nations, there was ever a greater demonstration. We mention this to show the personal power and influence of a man in the presence of strong political enemies.

Before we discuss some of the more serious characteristics of Mr. Bryan, there is one more outstanding victory which should be mentioned. When Woodrow Wilson was nominated for president, the convention by a large majority had been instructed for another man. Mr. Bryan did not believe this other man suitable for the presidency, so, to avoid a gigantic blunder on the part of a great nation, he threw himself with all his powers before the onward rush of plans already fixed, and forced the convention to set aside pre-convention pledges and nominate Woodrow Wilson.

Now let us give a *résumé* of Mr. Bryan's political triumphs. Beginning with his first nomination, which swept the convention like wildfire under the power of his eloquence, until the Baltimore Convention, twenty years later, where he individually caused the nomination of Mr. Wilson, we find five national conventions absolutely dominated by this one man—W. J. Bryan. Three times nominated for the leadership of his party, he controlled the other one, brought victory to his party, and gave to the world, as the leader of a great crisis, Woodrow Wilson. We contend that, in the history of nations, not forgetting Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Gladstone, Washington, Lincoln, *et al.,* no man has ever wielded such an influence in a great nation. This record has no duplicate in the history of men—a broad statement, but we challenge refutation from history.

We have mentioned the political career of Mr. Bryan as a prelude to the greater man, as he was greater than a political party, and a different perspective is necessary before the true majesty of his character is revealed. Mr. Bryan had political ambitions—no one can doubt this; but above and below this ambition burned a passion of soul so true and honest that it would not allow him to surrender one infinitesimal part of his principle. He would not "stoop to conquer." Other men have virtually said: "Make your platform and I'll get on it." Mr. Bryan says: "I am on my platform; you must accept it, or I get off."

William Jennings Bryan was born March 19, 1860, at Salem, Ill., the son of Silas L. and Maria E. Bryan. The parents were of the best Virginia stock, coming from Culpeper County. Silas Bryan was a lawyer and a gentleman, and for many years was "Hon. Judge Bryan," a Presbyterian elder; notwithstanding he was active in local and State politics, he was known as a pious Christian gentleman. Judge Bryan wisely placed his family on a farm near Salem, so that his sons might have the clean, wholesome environment of pure air and hard manual labor. William Jennings Bryan was taught the rudiments of education by his mother until he was ten years old; he then entered Whipple Academy, at Jacksonville, Ill., where he remained two years, after which he entered Illinois College in the same city. While in college the young man took an active part in literary societies and gained a campus reputation as a speaker and debater.

Mr. Bryan graduated from Illinois College in 1880 with the highest honors and was the valedictorian of his class. He attended Union Law School at Jacksonville, Ill., for two years, where he met Mary E. Baird, of Perry Ill., the woman who afterwards became his wife; she was also a law student and was admitted to the bar with her husband. Mr. Bryan practiced law at Jacksonville until 1887, in the law office of Lyman Trimble, a man of leadership both in his profession and in politics.

Mr. Bryan went to Lincoln Nebr., in 1887, and there, as a rising young attorney and a local politician, began a career that was meteroric in its splendor. The young lawyer attracted more than local attention by his eloquent speeches on tariff reform and was offered the nomination of Lieutenant Governor of the State, but declined this honor. In 1880 he made the race for Congress on the platform of free tariff on such commodities as wood, lumber, coal, sugar, and other necessities, and was elected in a district where the opposite party usually held the majority.

The average man is scarcely known in Congress until he has served several terms; but that body of men soon found out that Mr. Bryan was there, and when he made his speech on the Wilson Tariff Bill they sat up and took notice. The highest compliment that can be given a member of Congress is to be heard by his colleagues; usually they sit with their backs to the speaker, read papers, and pay absolutely no attention to what is being said. They listened to Mr. Bryan as he delivered his "maiden speech."

1896 Mr. Bryan was first nominated for president, but was defeated because his doctrines were believed to be revolutionary. When the Spanish-American War came on Mr. Bryan offered his services to his country and was given a commission as colonel of a volunteer regiment. However, the war was of brief duration, and his command saw no actual service at the front.

We wish now to notice that other side of this superb character. Mr. Bryan did not wait until his political ambitions were silenced to become a Christian leader; religion claimed no small part of his life, even during the years of political leadership. He was a devout, clean, high-class Christian gentleman from the beginning. For more than thirty-five years he was in the limelight of publicity, and much of this time the object of severe and cruel criticism. But amid all this political slander and ridicule, not one word could ever be uttered against his personal character; and not one word of retaliation ever fell from his lips; he was too big to hit back, and perhaps no man was ever more provoked to do so. Mr. Bryan's private life was an open book, clean and above reproach from any angle; his habits and conversation, in public and private, were as irreproachable as those of a cultured woman. At no time, with all the honors, which were world-wide, was he ever known to lower his standard of life and habits.

In the early days of his political career he delivered throughout the nation his famous lecture on the "Prince of Peace," which was a masterpiece of eloquence and an illuminating commentary on the God-Man Saviour. Mr. Bryan believed the Bible with the simplicity of a child. Notwithstanding he was a careful student of all the deeper questions of life, at no point of his religious compass did he lose his bearings on the authenticity of God's inspired Word. On the teachings and faith of this Book he fashioned his life. The truth of God's Word seemed to have been rooted and grounded in the soul fiber of Mr. Bryan by experience, which is the last word of controversy.

After enjoying political honors and distinction to an extent perhaps awarded to no other man, Mr. Bryan became a champion of two great causes—one national prohibition, which he lived to see triumph. Mr. Bryan's voice and pen sounded out the clarion call to national righteousness. His paper, *The Commoner,* stood for two decades the champion of human rights and against sin in high places. There was never an uncertain sound on issues between right and wrong. Mr. Bryan was a preacher of righteousness with a sincerity that could not be questioned; he believed his message. This was true when his "Cross of Gold" swept the nation with enthusiasm. He no more played to the galleries at the Chicago Convention in 1896 than when he was defending the Word of God and the rights of the people against the loud-mouthed atheist at Dayton, Tenn.

In the death of William Jennings Bryan our blinded, sin-burdened world suffered an irreparable loss. From this writer's limited viewpoint, he was never needed so much as now. The things he stood for are being defended by others; but the place he had won in the thinking of the world gave him a conspicuous position not occupied by any other man; he could speak with influence and authority.

When the life of William Jennings Bryan is studied from every angle, free from prejudice, we have no hesitancy in placing him among the world's greatest one hundred men—a citizen of America standing without a peer. He was *primus inter pares* as a writer, thinker, orator, leader of men, champion of righteousness; and with it all he was a devout, humble believer and follower of Jesus Christ as Lord. Where can such a combination be duplicated? In our opinion, not among the men of this nation. We have had none like him, and it is doubtful if we shall ever see another William Jennings Bryan.

XXIV

JOHN R. MOTT

It was during our second year in college; life was all a sophomoric uncertainty. It was a struggle, trying to locate plans in the maze of poverty and hardships. The pictures of those days are some of the most sordid of any hanging on the walls of memory. But just now we remember that this sketch is not an autobiography, but a short story of a man who has figured large in the affairs of the world. However, this little page of personal history is given to bring out the setting of another picture.

One morning at chapel the leader of student activities announced that John R. Mott would be present that Saturday evening and remain over the Sabbath; that he would address the student body that night and would hold conferences with the various groups until Monday night. The announcement had no meaning out of the ordinary; but it was the first time we had ever heard of Mr. Mott. When he appeared on the platform that night, we saw a tall, athletic-looking young man, wearing a very pronounced pompadour.

We remember not a word of the speech, but we do recall that his magnetism and personality gripped our inmost being. We have heard Mr. Mott many, many times since then when he addressed great assemblies, but we only think of him as he was then—a young man, only a year or two out of college, traveling as Student Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Mott has never been so great to this writer as he was then. As a member of the Student Volunteer Movement, we met with the groups as he outlined to us the big plan and the program for the "Evangelization of the World in This Generation." We got very little from his optimistic plans, but we did get much in every way from close contact with the man. It was the first time we were ever in touch with a cultured college man, with a great spiritual vision, and new fires were kindled in the soul. Mr. Mott impressed upon us the fact that Christ was entitled to the best brain and culture in the land, and that they must be furnished by college men.

Mr. Mott was not in those days serving as general overseer of big movements or sitting in council with religious leaders, seeking to solve big world problems. He was an evangelist—though a layman—with a burning message to lost men. In two public addresses he preached the gospel and pressed the question of personal salvation upon the students. In fact, all the Y. M. C. A. workers in those days were soul-winners, and salvation was the keynote of their messages. It was then truly a Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Mott looked after the functionary routine of his work, but personal salvation was the burden of his ministry. Since then his ability to handle assemblies has turned his life into supposed wider channels, but we are glad that we came under his influence when he "preached the gospel" to lost men.

John R. Mott was born in Livingston Manor, N. Y., May 25, 1865. He prepared for college at the local high school, entered Cornell University in 1884, and graduated from that institution in 1888. He developed marked powers in religious leadership while in college, and was an active worker in the Y. M. C. A., which was just then being organized as a factor in college life. Mr. Mott had been a delegate from Cornell to several Association meetings, and this brought him before the National Committee. Immediately upon his graduation he was chosen Student Secretary for the National Committee. About the year 1890 he was made chairman of the Student Volunteer Movement, which was an adjunct to the Y. M. C. A. This position brought the great question of missions and world evangelization to his attention, and for special study.

Soon Mr. Mott became secretary of the International Student Committee, and step by step he has climbed in world leadership. He was chosen leader of the Christian Students' Federation about the year 1895, and this position gave him access to the mission fields of all countries and all denominations. No other person has had such a wide opportunity, as other great leaders have been in a large measure circumscribed by the fields of some particular Church. Three years later Mr. Mott was made Foreign Secretary of this Federation. He was at the same time chairman of the American Council of the Young Men's Christian Association and perhaps had more to do with the Association work in this country than any other man.

In 1901 Mr. Mott's position in World Missionary Activities became wider than ever when he was chosen General Secretary of the International Committee, which gave him leadership of the Y. M. C. A. for the whole world. In 1910 he was chosen chairman of the World's Missionary Conference, which was Interchurch and International in its scope. No man in any Church has enjoyed such distinction. Throughout the years Mr. Mott has traveled into every nook and corner of the earth, and has lectured before students and Christian workers of every nationality; he has also presided and lectured before the greatest Church gatherings of America and Europe. It is doubtful if there is in America a preacher or layman who has wielded a wider influence in the religious circles of the world than John R. Mott. It has been conceded that he is the leading religious statesman of the world.

His extensive travel and study qualified him to speak with authority on many of our political questions. His careful survey of the missionary problems of the various countries gave him an insight into the political status of those countries as well. During Mr. Wilson's first term of office Mr. Mott was selected by the President on a committee of three to study the delicate status existing between the United States and

Mexico. No man was called into council with Woodrow Wilson more often than he, and his advice was sought and heeded on many of the world questions.

As an expression of Mr. Wilson's confidence in Mr. Mott as a statesman, as well as a religious leader, he was offered the post of Ambassador to China. At that time no foreign country needed wiser representation from Washington than did the Orient. The position was not accepted by Mr. Mott.

When Woodrow Wilson was elected Governor of New Jersey, Mr. Mott, a Methodist layman, was offered the presidency of Princeton University as Wilson's successor; but he declined the honor, and very wisely, as his work at that time was of a much wider sphere. When the World War came on Mr. Mott threw himself into the task of superintending war work. Some believe that some grave and irreparable mistakes were made when the Association agreed to accept the army canteen. But General Pershing pressed it upon them, and said that he knew he was giving them a "lemon" when he did; and there was no other organization so related to all the Churches that could handle it. The Y. M. C. A. will perhaps never regain the ground lost during the World War service.

Here are the facts: The Y. M. C. A. served fifteen hundred "huts" among the Allied Armies, employing eight thousand young men and five hundred women, every one of whom was indorsed by some church. Often they could not get supplies for the front lines; often their trucks were commandeered by the Army. The prices of all supplies were fixed by the War Department. Often goods that had been donated got into the shipment of general supplies. A few crooks got into the employment, which resulted in much criticism, and the most of the "much-ado" was propaganda. The Salvation Army served forty "huts"; the Knights of Columbus served sixty—and with both these organizations the goods were donated, and of course given to the soldiers. The funds of the Y. M. C. A. were such that this was impossible; for the Y. M. C. A. had to account for all goods received and sold. During all the criticism that followed Mr. Mott kept the troubled waters more quiet perhaps than any other man could have done.

As we are getting a close-up of Mr. Mott, it can be said that, with all his scholarship and association with great institutions of learning, he has remained evangelical and orthodox. He has been a stanch exponent of the Bible, the Lordship of Jesus Christ, and the salvation of men. At no time has his voice or pen sounded out an uncertain note. He has been a positive defender of the faith in the highest intellectual circles of the world for more than thirty-five years.

John R. Mott has written several books that have been translated into other languages, as many perhaps as any other religious writer. His personal touch with all the mission fields made this possible. Mr. Mott is now Chairman of the International Missionary Council, to which work he devotes practically the whole of his time, and he will doubtless continue as a great world force for many years to come.

XXV

HENRY CLAY MORRISON

WE doubt if there is a name in this country—Billy Sunday not excepted—better and more intimately known than that of H. C. Morrison. For more than thirty-five years he has been a national character—a recognized leader in the deeper things of the gospel. In a remarkable way he has been able to live in the limelight championing an unpopular cause, at times in the face of bitter criticism. In the estimate of his Church and its leadership there is no man to-day more respected than he.

It was not always so—far from it. When the Lord called Henry Morrison to the work of an evangelist, he was forced to sever his Conference relations, and a rigid law of the Church would not allow evangelists who were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to go within the bounds of a pastor's work, or district, without the consent of either the pastor or the presiding elder. This law he considered undemocratic, unscriptural, and un-American to such an extent that he boldly conducted a camp meeting in Texas, which resulted in his character being arrested, and he was finally turned out of the Church. Before this happened, the *Pentecostal Herald,* founded and edited by him, was struggling for life; after that, the circulation went forward with leaps and bounds. Dr. Morrison appealed his case and was fully restored to his former relation. The dear brethren who were the prime movers of his expulsion are unknown to-day. In all probability the only notoriety they attained was the part they took in this unfortunate affair.

As a local preacher, shortly after this, he was sent by his Conference as a lay delegate to the General Conference of 1902, held at Dallas, Tex. Since then he has been restored to his Conference, has led the delegation to several General Conferences, and it is generally conceded that no man in the last session of that body wielded a greater influence. He was greeted with enthusiasm and applause every time he appeared on the floor, and his stentorian voice was commanding and compelling. By his absolute fidelity to his Church against all comers and goers, he has won for himself a coveted place of honor and respect. During the past decade he has been in constant demand, by invitation of the bishops, to hold special evangelistic services at Annual Conferences. During one Conference season he was invited to fourteen Conferences. Dr. Morrison is loved and honored by the bishops of the Church, who, by unanimous vote, elected him to the last Ecumenical Conference held in London.

We mention these high spots in the life of Henry Clay Morrison only to say another thing: He has been able to win out in all these unusual ways without in the least toning down his convictions in regard to a doctrine so dear to his heart. This doctrine is entire sanctification as a second work of grace, received by faith, subsequent to regeneration. For this doctrine he has fought the good fight; he has suffered criticism, and for many years ostracism. Only a brave, humble man, crucified to the world, could have done it. He has stood in the forefront, by voice and pen, as an exponent of the Wesleyan doctrine of holiness, or perfect love, and after long, struggling years, his Church appreciates his value.

Henry Clay Morrison was born March 10, 1857, in Trimble County, Ky., but at the age of two he was left motherless, with a sister some two years older. He was then taken to live with his grandfather, William Morrison, in Barren County, Ky., about four miles east of Glasgow. Two years later his father died. It was in this rustic home that he had many enriching experiences, gleaned from field, wood, and homely sports, such as hunting, trapping, and fishing. While a lad scarcely entering his teens, he was genuinely converted at Old Boyd's Creek Methodist Church, not far from the home of his grandfather. He suffered all the pain and anguish of repentance, and that experience was the beginning of a career that can scarcely be duplicated in the history of Methodism.

When this writer was a student at Vanderbilt University, it was reported one day among the theologues that H. C. Morrison was in Nashville. We inquired as to who he was, etc., and a fellow student made this remark: "He is some preacher; it is said of him that the stage lost an Edwin Booth when he entered the ministry." We saw him the first time in the dining room of Wesley Hall one morning at breakfast. At that time one of the students was supplying Carroll Street Church, and he invited Brother Morrison to preach on Sunday. That was the first time we ever heard him. A big crowd of the young preachers attended the service; the following week there was much comment and no little adverse criticism; but this writer was never able to get away from the message of that Sunday morning in Carroll Street Methodist Church, Nashville, Tenn., during the month of May, 1894.

We met him next in Dallas, Tex., at the General Conference, already mentioned in this chapter. We sat by him at his table; his delegation drew a position near the platform, and as we were there in the interest of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate,* we had a close-up of all that happened. He preached every night at an obscure Methodist Episcopal Mission. When the Sunday appointments were announced, he was assigned to this same place, the humblest perhaps in the city. But we missed no opportunity of sitting under his ministry, notwithstanding his ill favor with the Church.

This chapter may be more of a personal reminiscence than a biographical sketch. That is exactly what we purposed it to be, as these events, flowing in from many angles, resulted in a confluence that had more to do with our life and ministry than all other influences combined. We shall never cease to thank God for the casual visit of H. C. Morrison at Nashville, Tenn., long years ago. We have often wondered what our ministry would have been but for that coincidence. We shall say this: a friendship was formed and a hunger created that gave us a new vision, a new ministry—and a new Bible.

Whatever our ministry has meant to the world in its evangelistical aspects and written messages, we can humbly and truthfully say that its fruition came about directly and indirectly through the contacts mentioned above. The full realization of this new vision came at Des Moines, Iowa, under the preaching of H. C. Morrison June 10, 1902. We have been a poor and unworthy exponent of these glorious realisms; but we carry on, forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching out for the future.

Dr. Morrison's life and ministry has grown in geometrical proportions during the past two decades, until now he is a world-known exponent of the highest and best things of the gospel. Audiences all around the world have been blessed by his great messages, and his pen is going daily with a tremendous urge. Books of virile character are coming from his pen in rapid succession. We know of no man who is putting more material into print, and delivering more messages to the world by both voice and pen, than is he. For more than twenty years we have been hearing his marvelous deliverances, and at no time in the past did he seem to be more vigorous and compelling than now. He is living at an age when most men are on the shelf, or waiting for the boatman and the sunset; but Dr. Morrison is full of faith and good works and carries a vision for the future. He has great plans for unfinished tasks as if he were just beginning. The hall mark of old age is when men and women live and dream in the past, living over continually the scenes of yesterday. But old age is defied so long as life is looking earnestly to the future with zeal for great things needed to be done. We know of no man in whom this principle is so fully exemplified as it is in Dr. Morrison; he moves forward with no backward look. Big things are ever present to be done; the blinded, sinful world lies in the throes of agony, and his sensitive, anxious soul responds to every heart-throb of pain.

Fifteen years ago he became the president of Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky., when that institution was without buildings, without money, and had a standing that was almost *nil* in the educational world. Anyone who now visits Asbury College, and sees the group of up-to-date buildings and a student body of over eight hundred of the finest boys and girls to be found on this continent, sees a graduating class of one hundred and fourteen young men and women receiving diplomas of standard merit, can appreciate something of what has been done through the tireless energy and undaunted faith of one man. Of course there were strong, good men coöperating with Dr. Morrison, but he was the soul of the enterprise.

Asbury College is no longer a joke among the conceited scholastics of the country; it is an institution doing credit to any cultured center in America. And besides, the work has been done without all the hippodrome methods of intercollegiate athletics; without the "senior hops," the "junior proms," the "sponsor's ball," etc., which occupy so great a part in the life of the average American college. Asbury College—*sans* cigarettes, *sans* petting parties, *sans* everything but clean, wholesome, healthy intramural sports in an atmosphere that seeks first of all the religious and moral welfare of the students. Falling across this school from every angle is the shadow of a man, and with him a group of pious men and women with the same perspective. Dr. L. R. Akers, successor to Dr. Morrison as president of Asbury College, is an aggressive educator, standing firmly for those principles and doctrines upon which the school was founded.

Much has been written and known of H. C. Morrison, but we could not close this series of characters who have injected themselves upon the world with ideals and programs so utterly *unworldly,* and do it with success, without including our good friend and brother. There are a number of men associated with Dr. Morrison, who have wrought mightily in the realm of faith. A chapter could be written of Dr. J. W. Hughes, the founder of Asbury College, under whose teaching and influence have gone out scores of great leaders. It is an honor of no mean proportions to have sent out into the world such men as Bishop Fred Fisher, Dr. W. G. Cram, Dr. E. Stanley Jones, and scores of successful pastors and evangelists. There is Rev. L. L. Pickett, whose ministry has been threefold: that of the evangelist, the author, and the writer of songs. Brother Pickett has given out no uncertain sound, and his score or more of books have a vital message. There is also Rev. J. B. Culpepper, called the "Dean of Southern Evangelists"; a great preacher and master of assemblies, whose pen never wrote a dull paragraph. We might mention many other chosen vessels of the Lord whose names, we trust, are in the Lamb's Book of Life who have made their eternal contribution to the Modern Apostles of Faith.

XXVI

ALVIN C. YORK

A MAN standing over six feet, modest as a country girl, unsophisticated as a child—Alvin C. York—a miracle. We can see it in no other light—a miracle, but a paradox—a miracle in military achivement—the astonishment of great military experts. Here was a lad living the drab life amid the mountain solitudes; no exemplification of genius in any direction, except his unerring marksmanship and bravery among the mountain toughs where he associated before he was saved. His was a life schooled to the highest efficiency in woodcraft and sowing "wild oats" across the creek or across the Kentucky border; a big, ruddy, muscular, sandy-haired product of nature in her simplest form. But in his steady blue eyes and nervous organism there was no such word as fear. He could look you straight in the eye without a tremor. In this untutored lad there slumbered all the elements of greatness—of manhood, *par excellence;* in him were powers undeveloped in the simplest things of life; powers capable of ruling a Senate or commanding a division of soldiers; and with as much sangfroid as Napoleon ever manifested when at the crest of his military career.

Had Alvin York lived in the days of romance and chivalry, he could easily have outshone in thrilling adventure Robin Hood, the Black Knight, Captain Kidd, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, or the James boys. The glamour of such a character comes out in the full blaze of the camera, the Associated Press, and leaves no room for the imagination of the thrill writer. But the elements are all there; doubtless, if the world rocks on for another century as it is now, some fiction writer will give the youth of that age, not only a "best seller," but a hair-raising yarn with our modest hero of Pall Mall featured in the center of the stage. But now the swimming girl, the baseball idol, and the football star overshadow the glory of a man whom General Pershing and Marshall Foch declared the "greatest hero of the World War."

Alvin York, the crack marksman, the fearless mountain rounder, got religion, then later professed the blessing of entire sanctification. Herein is the heart of the story—the explanation of a feat that has astonished the whole world. He was not a volunteer, but rather a "conscientious pacifist." He knew little of what it was all about, had no enmity against the Germans, and had no desire to kill any of them. But he consented to go after much prayer, and after much explanation on the part of an army officer concerning the righteousness of the cause for which he was ready to give his life in defense.

But there was some inside history to this man's calmness and unfaltering courage, when the amazing test came. Behind a log altar, in the far away solitudes of his forest home, Alvin York got the assurance that the German bullets would never touch him; this assurance he no more doubted than he doubted that he was in the war. There was no lost motion in the critical moments when the fraction of a second counted big in the issue. When the bushes were torn into shreds all around him by machine gun fire, his mind had the same poise as when he picked off a squirrel's head from the tallest tree in his Tennessee haunts, or clipped off the head of a turkey running at full speed fifty yards away, with rifle or pistol. "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee," was literally fulfilled and exemplified with Alvin York in that tragic critical hour—October 8, in the woods of Chateau Thierry.

1918

We shall not undertake to rehash that marvelous story, which has been told and retold so many times since the first story appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post,* written by some war correspondent who at the time was believed to be trying to "put over" a thriller on the public. But the whole story had been verified "over there" by the authorities before we knew of it. As a little interlude in this sketch, we will say that this quiet boy, with scarcely any training in military technique, single-handed and alone, during a fusillade of machine-gun fire, killed twenty-five German soldiers while they were all trying to kill him; and so terrible was his marksmanship, which was steadily picking them off, that the German officer offered to surrender if he would stop. Whereupon the officer blew his whistle and ordered all his men to disarm and surrender, as he thought, to a large number of American soldiers. But after all had been disarmed, and the officer placed between York and his men, the humiliating fact became known that the trick had been turned by one man. Alvin C. York

When the surrender was complete, and one hundred and thirty-two Germans were marching in front of him, shielded by the German major, who knew too well that if one false move was made the death-dealing marksman was ready to get him first, seven of York's comrades joined him. Like the men of Naphtali, after the battle was won, they joined in the chase. When the prisoners were marched in, and it became known how they had been captured, an American officer said to him: "York, in the name of God, how did you do it?" "I didn't do it," he replied with a sincerity that could not be doubted; "God did it through me." There you are; that is Alvin C. York, and he gave God all the glory, which, within itself, places him in a class of heroes—all things considered—*sui generis.* History tells us of none like him. Then, like a first magnitude meteor, bursting in the midnight sky, the simple-hearted, God-fearing boy from Pall Mall became famous.

Everybody wanted to see the man who had done it. They put him in a basket attached to a motorcycle and hurried him about among the high-ups of all the Allied armies. "I was scared green," he declared, as they bounced him over the shell-torn roads at ninety miles an hour. Everywhere great generals pinned upon him medals of the highest honer. A gigantic reception awaited him in New York; the Stock Exchange suspended business to do him honor. The United States Senate declared an intermission to do him deference, such as was scarcely ever accorded to any private citizen in its history. Wherever he went banquets were given in his honor and eulogies pronounced by America's greatest men.

Through it all he seemed a bit dazed, as if not able to understand what it was all about. He was anxious to look at the big men close up, and they were equally anxious to look at him. To him they were of far more importance than all the fuss being made over what he had done. Few men can stand the limelight of public applause; but the hero worshiping of presidents, statesmen, diplomats, generalissimos, and the screaming of the crowds changed Alvin York—*not in the least.* At no time did he lose his poise; he knew himself to be an ignorant boy from the Tennessee mountains, who trusted and believed that God was the One to whom all honor was due, and to this position he remained steadfast.

But contact with great and learned men taught him one supreme lesson; it brought to him keenly his own limitations. He saw that men of large affairs were men of culture and self-confidence, the resultant of mental training. Out of all the hubbub was born a consuming passion in the heart of this wonderful young man; yes, wonderful—no other word will suffice. View him from any angle, and there will be seen basic factors of which the Washingtons, Lincolns, Gladstones, and Wesleys are made. "God will take care of you, if you'll trust him," he was often heard to say; and these words were not hackneyed phrases gathered from Sunday school and sermons. To Alvin York they were as absolute as the faith of Abraham when he offered up Isaac.

But another amazing thing happened; a series of things happened fast. Every offer imaginable was made him to cash in on his popularity. A side arms company, a machine gun company, at once offered him enormous sums of money to indorse their goods; vaudevilles offered him as much as $5,000 a week for an unlimited contract. A movie man begged him for three days to accept $50,000 a day for three days, perhaps to shoot some Germans before the camera; but he had killed all the Germans he wanted to and would not accept the offer. Alvin York could have been a millionaire within twelve months after he landed in New York. But he wanted nothing for himself; he refused to commercialize his fame. God had guided him, helped him, protected him in a veritable hailstorm of lead; now he would not sell out to gratify a thrill-crazed public for gain—even a fortune.

But Alvin York's heart was fired with a great passion; not for himself, but for the under-privileged children of the mountains. As he had come in contact with masters in all walks of life, he compared himself, and found the comparison odious. He wanted money, but it must come from sources that his consecrated heart could approve. He had placed himself on the altar of God, and "the altar sanctified the gift." He did not propose to remove or to touch the gift of himself once offered, even for a fortune.

Now we are face to face with some stubborn facts, and we are appalled at the situation, when we remember the offers that were made to turn the cornucopia upside down upon him. This same Alvin York—the greatest hero of the greatest war in all history; this hero extraordinary, whom the world wanted to make rich overnight—has gone up and down the land trying to raise money for his school. He has been the guest of multi-millionaires and has been entertained and applauded; but in the long years, working at an unselfish task, he has not been able to raise the few thousand dollars necessary to build and equip his mountain school. The dear man is carrying a burden that has crushed him; at times he actually struggles to meet the Saturday pay roll of his workmen.

We regard the struggles of Alvin York for a righteous cause—when we examine the proposition from every angle—as a monumental travesty of American patriotism; it is an indictment of the conscience of a so-called Christian nation, so glaring and inexcusable that we should hang our heads in shame. But quietly and modestly he "carries on," holding on to his trust in God. However, he has no doubt begun to see what many great pulpit lights are unable to see, that this world is not dominated by the Spirit of God; that the world is under the influence of the great Usurper Prince, who is the God of this world—a being who seeks to defeat, destroy, and discourage every plan and program for the glory of God.

York has been entertained in the homes of men who could have written him a check for $100,000 and not miss it from their huge fortunes; but none of them have done it. O the shame of it all! Every devout man and woman in the land should hold this saintly character before the Throne, that his faith may not fail him—a faith that has been the marvel of all who have known Alvin York—on the battle fields and in social circles. God bless the simple faith of such a man!

XXVII

SOME CELEBRITIES IN THE FAITH

SPACE forbids our giving separate chapters to the great men we shall examine in this brief notice, however much they may deserve such recognition; but in making a *résumé* of religious characters who have wrought in a large way for the truths of the gospel we cannot overlook some men whose ministry has touched the entire English-speaking world—and beyond.

SAMUEL D. GORDON

There is not a student, preacher, or teacher, interested in the deeper things of Christian living, who has not been greatly blessed and strengthened by a series of books which first began to appear in 1901. The author was unknown, except in Y. M. C. A. circles, and his first book was entitled "Quiet Talks on Power." The peculiar style and scriptural grasp on the sources of divine power won for this book a wide reading. Nothing just like it had ever appeared; it flowed in quiet, unassuming currents, but forged into the deepest channels of divine things, so that the name of the author—S. D. Gordon—became known in every household where men and women sought help and inspiriation.

Samuel Dickey Gordon was born in Philadelphia on August 12, 1859, and was educated in the public schools of that city. If he was college trained, there is no mention of it in the sources of information available. His first religious work was as assistant secretary to the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., where he began in 1884; after serving there for some time, he was called to the position of State secretary of the Ohio Y. M. C. A. He occupied this wider field for about ten years. In 1895 he began his career as public speaker; he traveled for four years in the Orient, addressing student assemblies and religious gatherings. His peculiar style in public address gave him a distinctive field in Bible conferences and Missionary conventions. His messages had nothing to do with the big material problems of such assemblies, but dealt strictly with questions of personal religious experiences.

Dr. Gordon has published a series of the "Quiet Talks"—*viz.,* "Power," "Prayer," "Service," "Jesus's Personal Problems," "World Winners," "Home Ideals," "About the Tempter," "Our Lord's Return," "Following Christ," "About the Crowned Christ," "The Deeper Meaning of the War," "Life After Death," "Simple Essentials," "The Healing Christ," and "The Crisis and After." "Quiet Talks" on all these themes will give the reader some idea of the wide scope of this unique author.

Dr. Gordon carries the idea of quietness in all his ministry; when he wishes to emphasize any sentence or reach a climax, it is by dropping his voice. "Softly, softly," he declares. He is in much demand at various assemblies and watering places, where for weeks he will address throngs, as he did recently in Atlantic City. His voice and pen ring true to our orthodox faith, and he is a stanch believer in the "Blessed Hope," and actually expects the return of Jesus before he dies.

J. H. Jowett

We wish now to mention the great English divine, Dr. J. H. Jowett, who for many years occupied the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in New York City, but spent his last years in England, whither he was urged to return by Lloyd George, who recognized in him a man of such power and influence that the country needed his messages for the readjustment following the World War. We once heard Bishop Hendrix remark, when speaking of Dr. Jowett's books, that he was the greatest Bible expositor in the world—that his messages were epoch-making.

Dr. Jowett was a finished scholar; he clothed his messages with such classic English that they are veritable gems of the printed page. His style has a charm scarcely equaled in religious literature—certainly never excelled. He served as a pastor, but he was not a pastor; he left that work for others to do. He was consecrated only to his public ministry; his throne was his pulpit, and his power-room his study—after that, the printed message for the world. He published scores of books, and all of them have to do with Bible expositions and commentaries—or instruction for ministers. It is said of him that he was known to rewrite his sermons, or parts of them, as many as eleven times; polishing every sentence, eliminating every word for a better one, so that he gave out nothing but the "beaten oil of the sanctuary." We can understand that every line from the pen of Dr. Jowett is a classic; but it is not all made up of beautiful words and sentences; he gets to the very heart of Bible truth, and breaks the bread of life in every paragraph, until the reader is thrilled and blessed. Dr. Jowett was an apostle of Bible faith and revelation. So far as we have read him, there is not one note or inference that is not scriptural and orthodox. While he was in New York, he preached every Sunday to the preachers of all creeds in and around the city. Fifth Avenue was a great religious forum. So long as men hunger for deeper spiritual truths, and the soul hungers for great spiritual leadership in the mysteries of godliness, the contributions of Dr. Jowett will be a source of inspiration. He was a world preacher, a student, and writer of one theme—the revelation of Christ.

Arno C. Gabeline

We call attention next to a man not generally known in religious circles, except by those who are interested in prophecy and the blessed hope. But to all who are seeking to keep in touch with the great pulse of the world, as interpreted by prophecy, no name stands higher than that of Dr. Arno C. Gabeline, of New York City. Dr. Gabeline was born in Germany, August 27, 1861, came to America in 1879, and received his education for gymnasium in the schools of this country. When a young man, at the age of twenty-four, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Church, and served in Baltimore, Hoboken, and around the City of New York for a long time. He took charge of "Hope Israel Mission" in connection with the City Mission of New York.

About forty years ago he severed his connection with the Methodists, and is now, we believe, a communicant of the Presbyterian Church. But these are all secondary matters; we mention them only as a prelude to the man's ministry. About thirty-five years ago he established a little magazine called *Our Hope,* which has grown to be a world periodical. The beginning was very humble; but to-day *Our Hope* goes to the nations of the earth. Through this medium of expression Dr. Gabeline has become an outstanding figure in religious thinking and scholarship. As a Bible teacher of prophecy, we believe there is no greater among men; his education has been largely self-made; but his fund of information touching religious history through the centuries is nothing short of marvelous. Through the columns of *Our Hope* Dr. Gabeline gives to the world each month the best analysis of world problems that can be found in any periodical published. There is a kind of finality about all he says, both in books and editorials, that carries conviction of the truth of what he says. The movements of religious machinery and the sayings and doings of men in religious authority do not escape his eagle eye; as carefully as the engineer watches the rails in front of his engine, Dr. Gabeline watches the human make-believes of churchmen. We regard Dr. Gabeline as the greatest prophetic teacher of modern times. He is as orthodox as John Wesley or the Apostle Paul; his books on Daniel and Revelation are the best we have ever read. He has published at least a score of books, many of which have been translated into other languages. He is a voice crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight." We advise all who are interested in our Lord's return to read the messages and books of Dr. Gabeline.

G. Campbell Morgan

Our next sketch concerns G. Campbell Morgan, who was born in Tilbury, Gloucester, England, December 12, 1863, but is now a resident of America. As a lad in his early teens he was converted, called to the ministry, and sought to enter the Methodist Church Conference; but his limited education barred him entrance into the itinerancy of the Wesleyan ministry. He succeeded in securing admission into the Congregational Church in 1889 and served some humble charges; but in a short time he rose to some of the commanding pulpits of England of that denomination, such as Birmingham and Cambridge. He was finally called and served several of the largest churches in London, where his extraordinary powers of Bible exposition soon attracted nation-wide attention.

His first appearance in America was when he came to the Northfield Bible Conference, at the solicitation of Mr. Moody. From that time until the present hour his reputation as a teacher and preacher of Bible truth has grown both in England and in America. Without a doubt G. Campbell Morgan is one of the keenest intellects and one of the most astute expounders of the Scriptures in this generation. His exegetical powers are without parallel among the great preachers of this age; his voice is as clear as a violin tone, and his use of language in the delivery of his messages cannot be excelled.

The scores of religious books and commentaries from his pen have perhaps been more widely read than those of any other man within the past one hundred years, or any other century for that matter. His books are all great in their mastery of language, mastery of thought, and mastery of Bible interpretation. We are also glad to record that Dr. Morgan is a fundamentalist touching faith in the Bible and is an ardent believer in our Lord's premillennial coming. We have often wondered how that Methodist examining committee felt after they learned that the lad who came before them was to be some day the outstanding preacher of the times. Through their stupidity this great man was lost to Methodism. There are legions of examining boards, college and seminary professors, who measure everything by their own standards of efficiency and never know what is before them in a classroom; however, G. Campbell Morgan belongs to the whole world.

R. A. Torrey

Another name deserves an honored place among the Modern Apostles of Faith, and that man is Dr. R. A. Torrey, the man whom D. L. Moody selected to be his successor in carrying on his great work. Dr. Torrey was one of the great Bible teachers of the world, and for four decades he has been recognized throughout the world as one of the strongest defenders of God's truth. He has evangelized in every nation of the earth, and with remarkable success. He has given more religious books to the world than any other Bible scholar of the last one hundred years. Dr. Torrey stood foursquare for Bible orthodoxy and backed up his faith with a scholarly mind that the critics cannot gainsay.

He was reared as an Episcopalian, and while a student at Yale he was a social leader until he was graciously converted and called to the ministry. For many years he was pastor and superintendent of the Moody Bible School of Chicago; he then became the dean of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, Calif., and was later pastor of the Church of the Open Door in Los Angeles. His name will hold an honored place among the world's spiritual leaders. As author, evangelist, and Bible teacher he was in the front rank.

There are many other great and near-great men, who might be listed in our series of Modern Apostles; but we have selected only those who have a peculiar stamp and powers that are different—such as have placed them in a classification that cannot be doubted.

Princeton Theological Seminary Libraries
1 1012 01206 9870

Date Due

[illegible] 13
Mr 19 '42
MY 26 '49
FE 10 '50